VOL. CCXIV, No. 2788

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THE SPHERE, JULY 18, 1953
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The SPHERE

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Volume CCXIV No. 2788 The SPHERE, London, July 18, 1953

The SPHERE

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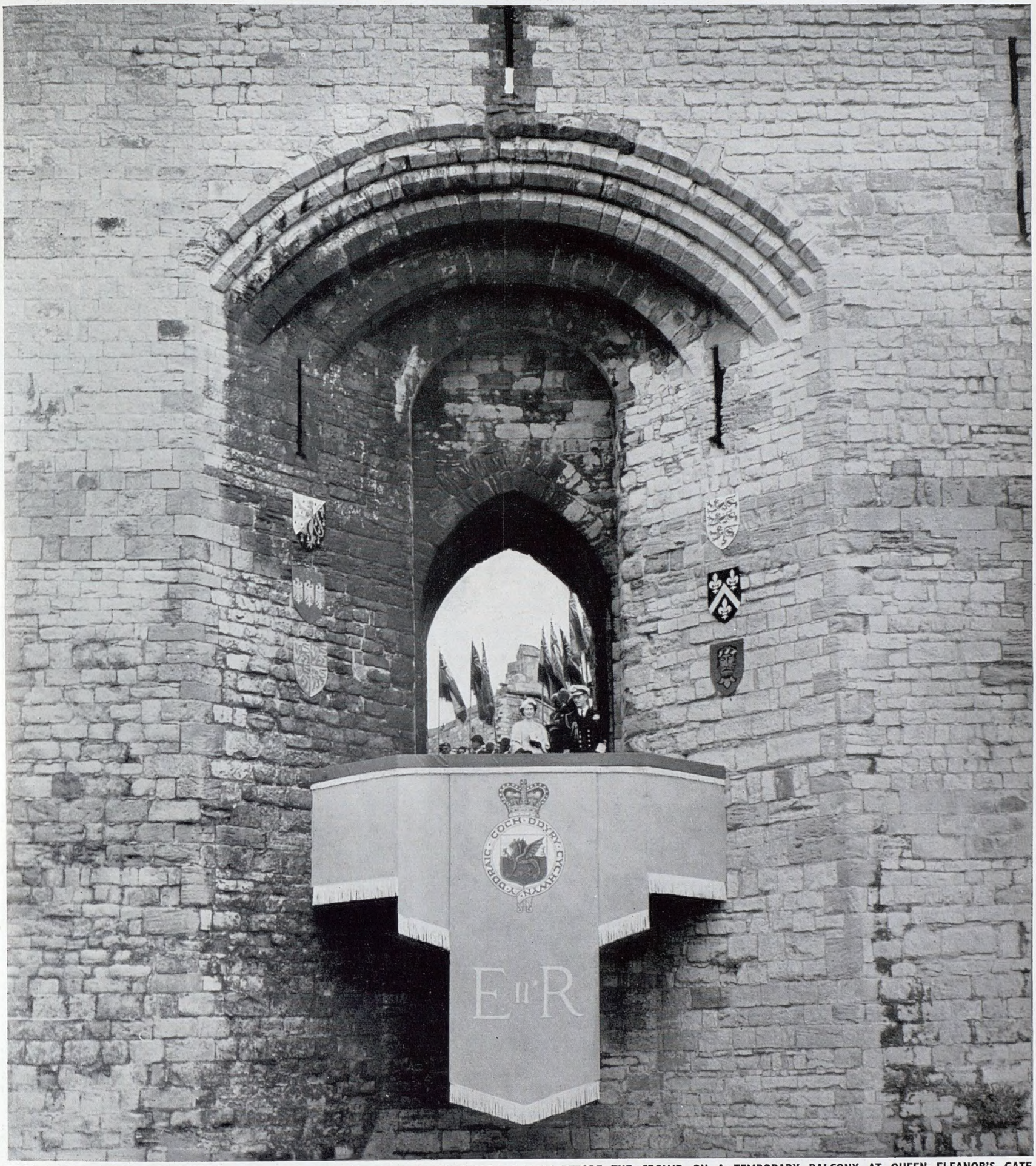

THE ROYAL TOUR OF WALES—THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH APPEAR BEFORE THE CROWD ON A TEMPORARY BALCONY AT QUEEN ELEANOR'S GATE, CAERNARVON CASTLE: From this vantage point they could be seen by many thousands gathered below in Caernarvon's main square. This was on the concluding day of the Royal visit to Wales, when the people of the northern counties of the Principality had their chance to acclaim the Royal visitors.

After the Royal visit to Scotland and Northern Ireland, marking the Coronation year in traditional fashion, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh journeyed to Wales, where they spent two days travelling through the industrial areas and through the heart of the countryside. On the first day their tour began in Newport, on the Welsh Marches, and thereafter the route lay through Cardiff, the Rhondda Valley and Swansea, ending in the steel town of Llanelly. On the second day the Royal visitors were in Caernarvon, where in due time their son, Prince Charles, Duke of Cornwall, will be made Prince of Wales. At Caernarvon the popular enthusiasm of the previous day was still very much in evidence, but the proceedings took on a more ceremonial note as the Queen and the Duke sought admittance to the Castle and were presented with the keys by the Constable of Caernarvon, Lord Harlech. After a journey through Bangor, Conway, Llandudno and Colwyn Bay, the Queen and the Duke arrived at Rhyl, and there they were greeted by many thousands in the pavilion which has been prepared for the Welsh National Eisteddfod. Later they journeyed on to Wrexham and then to Llangollen for the International Music Eisteddfod. Further pictures of the tour in Wales will be found on pages 76–77 of this issue.

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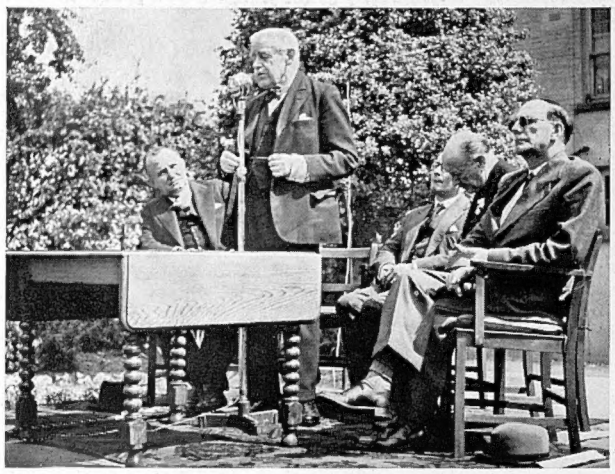
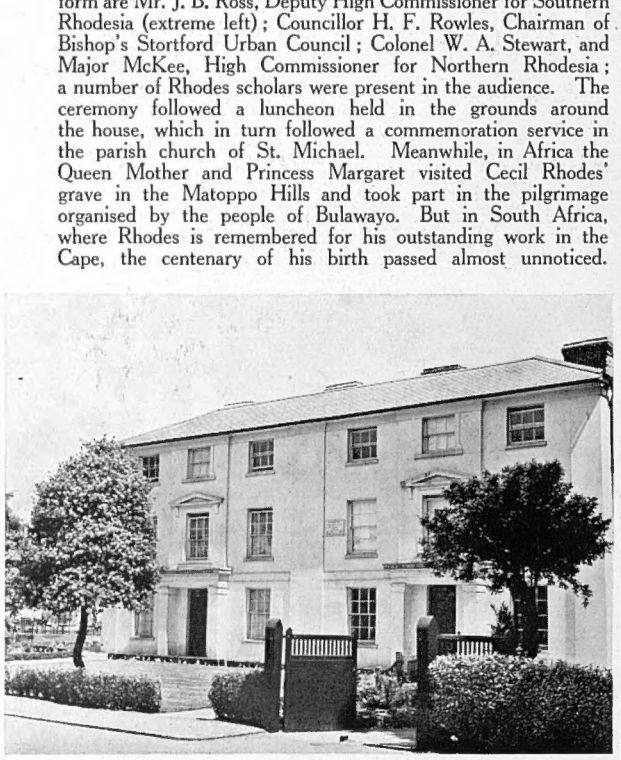
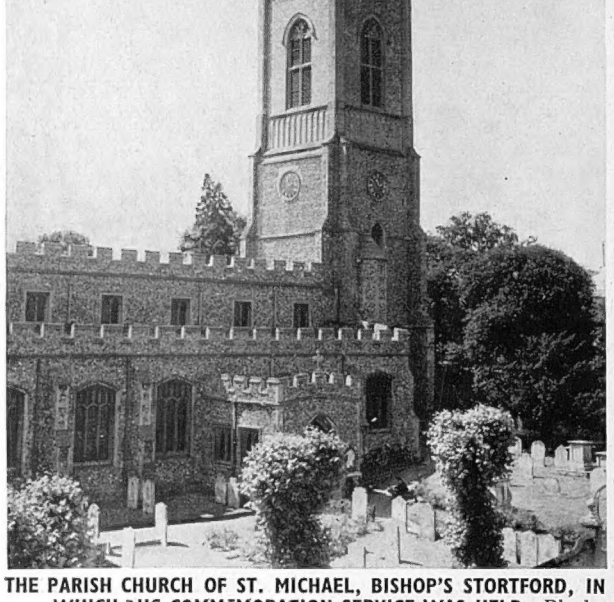
COMMEMORATING AN EMPIRE BUILDER



THE CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF CECIL RHODES : Sir Dougal Malcolm, President of the British South Africa Company, is seen speaking during the ceremony at Bishop's Stortford, when the house in which Cecil Rhodes was born on July 5, 1853, was reopened as a remodelled memorial museum. Also on the platform are Mr. J. B. Ross, Deputy High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia (extreme left); Councillor H. F. Rowles, Chairman of Bishop's Stortford Urban Council; Colonel W. A. Stewart, and Major McKee, High Commissioner for Northern Rhodesia; a number of Rhodes scholars were present in the audience. The ceremony followed a luncheon held in the grounds around the house, which in turn followed a commemoration service in the parish church of St. Michael. Meanwhile, in Africa the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret visited Cecil Rhodes' grave in the Matoppo Hills and took part in the pilgrimage organised by the people of Bulawayo. But in South Africa, where Rhodes is remembered for his outstanding work in the Cape, the centenary of his birth passed almost unnoticed.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE FOUNDER OF RHODESIA : Funds for the remodelling of the house at Bishop's Stortford as a museum were provided jointly by the Governments of the Rhodesias and the mining corporations with which Rhodes was associated.



THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL, BISHOP'S STORTFORD, IN WHICH THE COMMEMORATION SERVICE WAS HELD : Rhodes was confirmed here during his father's incumbency (1849-76).

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE."

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Stalinism in Decline.—Wishful thinking is no modern frailty. Since Adam, we have seen what we want to see, drawn conclusions from events or rumours which suit our book or feed our optimism—or pessimism. Very few of us are skilled in sifting legal evidence. But my experience of life suggests that usually smoke indicates a fire somewhere and that rumour is not such a lying jade as moral saws suggest, and my experience tends to cover the trivial and the important, from a broken marriage or interesting engagement to the mass-trends of great nations. Therefore, though I take reports and rumours from behind the Iron Curtain with reserve and a pinch of salt, I sincerely believe that the wisps of smoke from Poland, Hungary, Eastern Germany and the Czech border do indeed indicate hidden fires fanning once more to flame. Every indication since Stalin's death now points that way. Before he died, his minions had seen the red light or the red error, and were ready before he was buried with concessions and modifications which might both save face and damp down the fires. Any one of a number of simmering smudge-fires might have lighted the signal flame. It fell to the industrialists of Eastern Germany. The Czech borders saw the glare; in Hungary soon enough means were taken to hold in the flame by tardy concessions to a wide and fierce demand; and now rumour reports parts of Poland in flames and the Red tanks hurrying here and there trailing their hose-pipes. It is rumour still and to be taken with reserve. But, for my part, I am surprised at my moderation. I looked to see the first clear sign from Poland, and I cannot believe that the Polish smoke is a will-o'-the-wisp. I think the standard of liberty has been raised and the clans are gathering in the countries which pioneered democracy, and never for long ceased to fight and die for freedom.

By-elections.—By-election results are very elastically used as signs of hope or warnings. Sometimes they mean something nationally; more often they reflect local personalities and local aspirations. I think the Government was entitled to be pleased with the Abingdon result. This was very much a "new" constituency where the cat might jump right or left, and no one could forecast from which side the Liberal intervener would snatch the few votes which would not save his deposit. The new Member, despite these doubts, actually increased the Conservative majority by 1,000 on a 75 per cent. poll. This was handsome and significant, for the Government's term has reached the dangerous age when wobblers normally begin to wobble back and ask for a change. But at Edgbaston also there was no clear sign of this. I don't think the Whips need fear by-elections at present. The wobblers seem to me to have tasted, and still to enjoy the taste, of something indefinably sweeter in the national pudding since the Tories took over. It 's not a plum-pudding, but there are a few welcome currants. It 's not so stiff, so tough, so turgidly dull as it was. A little hope is mixed in the recipe, brought in perhaps by luck, by Coronation optimism and other adventitious aids. But also as a result of courage, hard work and careful thought. There *is* a pleasanter feeling in the air and something more to one's taste in the pudding.

Black Diamonds.—Sympathy with the dangers and discomforts of life in the mines is still strong among us. But it is perhaps rather less strong than it was twenty years ago. The miner's lot has been improved in every department, from amenities and health to pay, hours and holidays. The public's corresponding advantages in better, cheaper and more abundant coal are not yet apparent. On the contrary, still higher prices, coal no less dirty and still less of it, are likely to be our portion this winter. There has been some justification for the widely held view that hitherto nationalisation has proved a one-sided boon. Even the leaders of the N.U.M. were therefore a little apprehensive of the Union's latest demands for better conditions covering increased pay pensions and benefits of all kinds, and they sent these demands back for modification. As they stood, they would have cost about £60,000,000 more. The industry is not [illegible] exhaustibly rich, the nation does not yet grow fat [illegible] coal output. Rightly or wrongly, the average hou[illegible] holder thinks that since its inception this nationalise[illegible] industry has given him the rawest deal in all [illegible] experience. His sympathy with the miner has not [illegible] dried up, but it has evaporated after decades of ho[illegible] deferred. No doubt, he is still very ignorant of curre[illegible] conditions and grievances in the mines, but he cann[illegible] accept it that the admitted all-round improvemen[illegible] in the miner's lot should not only return no divide[illegible] to his own cellar but call more and more from his ow[illegible] pocket. The public is slow to revolt against a[illegible] section of its workers, is slow to revolt against nation[illegible] injustice or incompetence; but even the Union leade[illegible] are beginning to sense that revolt is in the air and tha[illegible] the miners' new demands should be prefaced by deed[illegible] on their side, some *quid pro quo*. A cold hearth an[illegible] an empty cellar do not make the taxpayer mor[illegible] sympathetic and more generously disposed.

Sponsored Television.—I often fin[illegible] when subjects of which I know little and care to[illegible] little, suddenly become a public battleground, tha[illegible] new words have been coined by the disputants [illegible] which the definition is common knowledge except fo[illegible] me. *Sponsored* television? What does "sponsored" mean? Apparently television ceases to be "sponsored" when the licence-owner and the operator become liable for what is broadcast. Then the broadcast become[illegible] "T.V. carrying advertisements." Is that perfectl[illegible] clear to you as it is not to me? I have read th[illegible] jeremiads of the Bishops and the Dons. They are n[illegible] unlike the jeremiads one-and-a-quarter centuries ago against the devil's kettle on rails. That was to be the end of country life and the squires and the sweets of existence, including fox-hunting. But the squires hung on and foxes still are hunted. It wasn't the devil's kettle that did the squires in. And as for advertisements with broadcasts, we suffer from them in films, and I don't see the difference. Before I saw the Coronation film I endured a dreary curtain-raiser of commercial puffs. But the audience seemed to enjoy it and was quite ready to wait for the star turn. All these matters, films, broadcasting, T V, are public shows. They depend for their revenue on the people. To-day the public enjoys films which are often tripe to me and broadcast features which bore me stiff. But I have my remedy I can fall back on Jane Austen. The Bishops and Dons and old die-hards never, never accept this truth, and always the steamroller rolls over their shaking heads in their last ditches. For my part, I shouldn't worry if planes, atom bombs, films, wireless and T.V. vanished in a night. But there 's no stopping them or guiding them by minority protests. It can only be done by trial and error and *public* opinion.

What the Public Wants.—We often hear (and accept it) that the public has the Government, the Press and other services it deserves Certainly democracy is supposed to ensure that it has the Government, Press, etc., which it wants. For the Government depends on its votes and the Press on its patronage. And in the main it gets a decent Government and a decent Press, which suggests that its wants are decent. Sometimes, it is true, a minority

COLONEL HUNT ARRIVES BACK IN HIS HOME TOWN

THE LEADER OF THE VICTORIOUS EXPEDITION TO MOUNT EVEREST IS WELCOMED AT LLANFAIR-WATERDINE, ON THE SHROPSHIRE-RADNORSHIRE BORDER : Villagers cheer and wave as Colonel John Hunt is pulled in triumph in a rose-petal-strewn black-and-red governess cart up the hill to his home. At times he held aloft the Everest ice-pick decorated with the Union Jack, which he waved when he arrived with other members of the expedition at London Airport. The gate and the porch at Colonel Hunt's cottage were decorated with roses, while on a table inside the house was a 15-lb. home-made cake surmounted with a replica of Everest.

questions the decency of its wants. But nobody doubts that all public services, and especially entertainment services, are what they are by majority decision, and that if a majority of T.V. licensees objected to T.V. programmes, it is the unpopular programmes which would go and not the licensees. If 10,000,000 listeners revolted against any form of religious service by the B.B.C., how long would the B.B.C. hold out in the face of falling revenue? How long would an uplift trusteeship preserve its integrity in the face of an atheist or decadent nation? This nation is neither decadent nor atheist nor totally lacking in taste or ideals. It is on an upward curve, and the question need not be answered. But the last-ditchers, the Dons and the Bishops, might have a better notion of the weakness of minorities and the power of majorities in such matters in a democratic state.

Carnival of Sport.—We did our best to make Coronation summer a worthy carnival of sport. We succeeded. The Lord's Test Match was certainly one of the greatest matches ever played, holding all the answers to the secrets of the game's undying appeal. We could hardly expect such another thrill in this series. Wimbledon produced really wonderful games, if our native players were, as usual, overshadowed. Henley was one of the best meetings in recent years and home-grown oarsmen excelled. We saw at Cowdray and Roehampton the best polo since the wars. Records have been smashed in athletic meetings, and now comes the turn of golf—and the turn of Carnoustie again after sixteen years of troubled history. A testing course always, a stern nurse of rising stars. Some of those who have been playing in the Open had their reputations to make at Carnoustie in 1937. Some present champions and ex-champions were still in the nursery. It is well-named the "Open." For it is more like the National than the Derby, and a hot favourite is a rarity. One peck at a Becher's Brook, a slight slice at the Canal Turn, and your hot favourite is passed by an outsider. But Hogan is to-day almost unique and practically chance-proof. Looking back over the years, back behind the wars, back to Edwardianism, I still vividly remember how the English sporting carnivals have always worked up to the apex of excitement in the first half of July. To-day Radio and T.V. blare and flicker non-stop. But the battles of the giants have always provided their own thrills and need no boosting. And then suddenly the feast is over, the lights go down, and by the end of July it is all rather flat, and bathos sets in.

"The Principle of the Thing."—"It's not that I care for myself—it's the principle of the thing"—such is the usual justification by those who walk out or otherwise make a gesture when they feel that sufficient consideration has not been shown them as representatives of this or that. And Malta, proud Malta, the G.C. Island, has recently indicated through her representatives more than once, that the consideration paid her has been "not enough." It may be so, but Malta is a small island and Australia a big, and there are occasions when even the Queen finds her willingness to please everybody limited by time. It is easy for a touchy individual to be *blessé*. It is often hard not to show it. Those who succeed usually congratulate themselves afterwards. For very seldom do such gestures seem dignified afterwards. We can't all of us be chosen for a word with the Queen. For my part, I have never even seen her, near or far, since she became Queen. I am not fond of crowds and queues. But, of course, I don't represent anyone or anything, even a point of view. Still, if I had represented Malta, I think I should have stuck it out until the Queen left, and even performed my minor allotted task in the function. The "principle of the thing" is sometimes less important than showing ordinary good manners.

Beria and Russia.—For my part, I shall not offer a theory. The explanations of the pundits have come too quickly and are gloriously contradictory. It may be the first round in the "evitable" scramble for power over Stalin's body. But the word "inevitable" is apt to be coined *post facto*. Moreover, Beria has been judged by some of our Western pundits as the author of the new Russian policy of "capitulation leading to a return of capitalism." Yet only the other day Malenkov was hailed as the exponent of the "loosening" of the Stalinist rule. Perhaps then Malenkov will be the next to go. But the prophets and pundits so confounded us in the first few hours of the news of Beria's downfall that the folly of speculation is too clear. For my part, I could almost believe that the Russian version might for once be true, and that Beria was trying to sell the pass to the West. For our wishful thinking never had a finer chance to throw the hat in the air and hail the break-up of the great tyranny and the scramble for scraps of power. A fortnight hence, we may find "the mixture as before" and the cold war much as usual. I shan't attempt to be in on this scoop. We've been *had* before more than once. THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

EVEREST, NANGA PARBAT AND AFTER?

By Hugh Merrick

With Drawings by Victor Coverley-Price

T

THE QUEEN RECEIVES THE CHAI
COUNCIL'S CORONATION YEAR
Chairmen of the Council's Con
the Queen's right hand is Mr. A
hood towards the close of the proc
the Duke and Duchess of Gloucest
Athlone, Princess Marie Louise, and I
address" of the Council, returned h
address as a Londoner born and bred
my love for this great capital. My hu
the well-being of the people whom you se

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON RI

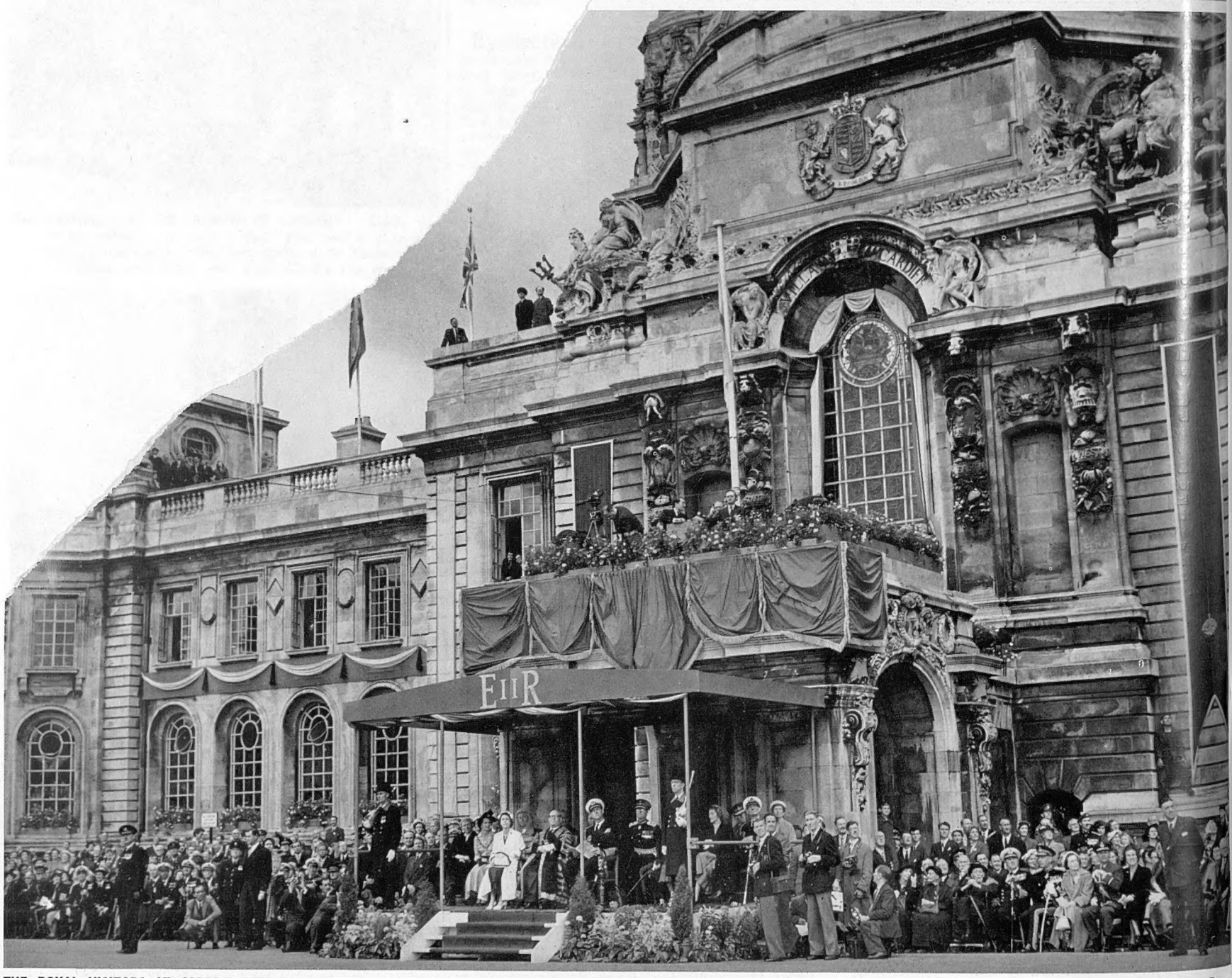
SIR RUPERT DE LA BERE REVIVES AN OLD CUSTOM IN HONOUR OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE AS HE LEAVES THE MANSION HOUSE TO ATTEND AN ENGAGEMENT AT THE SKINNERS' HALL IN DOWGATE HILL, OFF CANNON STREET: Sir Rupert, who is a farmer and a rider to hounds, revived the custom of riding out from the Mansion House after a lapse of about forty or fifty years. Preceded by the City Marshal, Colonel J. Hulme Taylor, an old Bengal Lancer, the Lord Mayor, in top-hat and morning coat and wearing his badge of office, was escorted by Inspector R. J. Belec, the officer in charge of the detachment of Mounted Police which came to London to take part in the Coronation procession, forming an escort to the coach carrying the Canadian Prime Minister. His mount was also supplied by the "Mounties." Sir Rupert is also a Past-Master of the Skinners' Company.

WALES

GREETS THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE

Fervent Receptions in the Cities, in the Towns, and in the Countryside

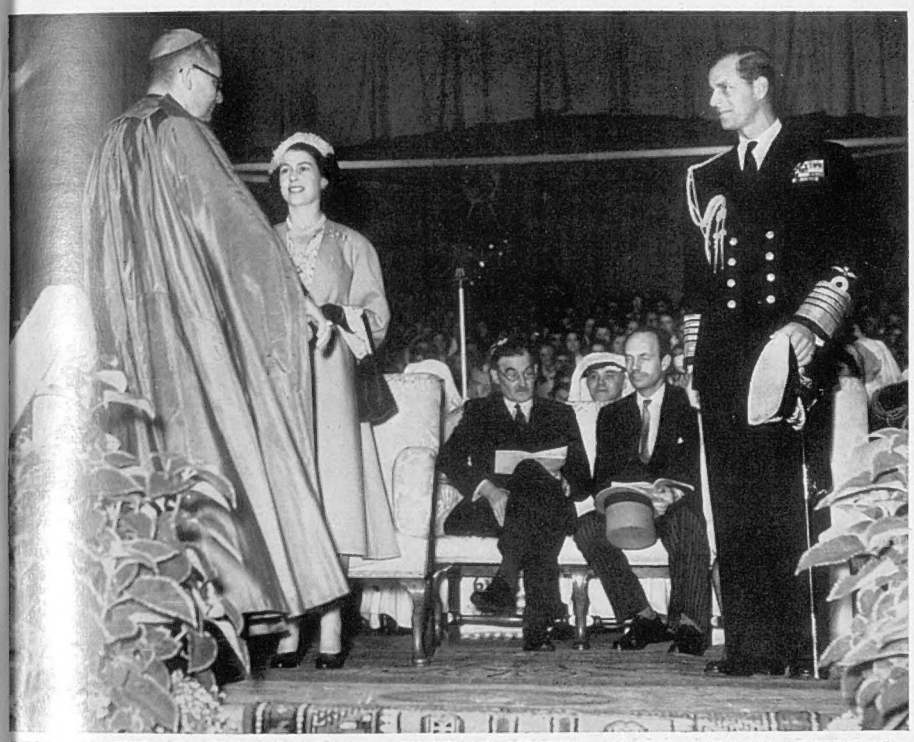
ANT OF MONMOUTHSHIRE, , marking the Coronation n roads lined with cheering THE MAYOR OF NEWPORT, eted by the National Anthem, ragon of Wales flew alongside relation to the Principality of re of its loyalty to the Crown.



THE ROYAL VISITORS AT CARDIFF CITY HALL AFTER THEY HAD DRIVEN THROUGH NEWPORT AND EBBW VALE AT THE START OF THE FIRST DAY OF THEIR WELSH TOUR : From this dais the Queen and the Duke watched a performance by the Cardiff Schools Choir and dancing by the children. Twelve jet aeroplanes flew over the City Hall in a special fly-past, which unfortunately coincided with the singing, but it was noted that the Queen, undeterred, still kept tapping out the rhythm of the children's song.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH MEET TAFFY THE GOAT : Taffy is the mascot of the Welch Regiment, and he marched proudly in front of the Royal guard of the regiment before being brought before the Queen. The schoolchildren gathered outside City Hall gave Taffy a special cheer when he was presented by the Colour-Sergeant.

IN AN OASIS OF SYLVAN BEAUTY IN THE HEART OF AN INDUSTRIAL AND MINING DISTRICT : The Queen thanking eleven-year-old Gillian Alexander for the bouquet she had presented to her at Ynysangharad Park, Pontypridd. A crowd of more than 40,000 saw the Queen arrive at the Park, the people of Pontypridd, the miners of the surrounding villages, their womenfolk and the school children.



G THE RT. REV. JOHN PETIT, BISHOP OF MENEVIA, IN THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD ILION AT RHYL : The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh seen during their second halt the second day of their Royal tour of Wales. The Eisteddfod does not open until August, the pavilion accommodated 7,000 people for the Royal visit. The Gorsedd of 2,000 rds was present, and they duly rejoiced that the Princess whom they had received their circle at Mountain Ash Eisteddfod in 1946 had now become their Queen.

THE QUEEN VISITING THE INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL EISTEDDFOD AT LLANGOLLEN : The Queen passing along a line of competitors from France when she visited this International Festival and heard songs from massed mixed choirs representing Austria, Canada, England, France, Germany, Italy, Norway, Spain, Switzerland and Wales.

THE CEREMONIAL WITHIN THE GROUNDS OF CAERNARVON CASTLE : The Queen, accompanied by Lord Harlech, Constable of the Castle, and the Duke of Edinburgh, accompanied by Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, Minister for Welsh Affairs, as they left the dais. The Queen stood on the dais while the Royal Marine Band, the Caernarvon Union Choir, under Dilys Wynne Williams, who was later presented to Her Majesty, and the guests sang the National Anthem.

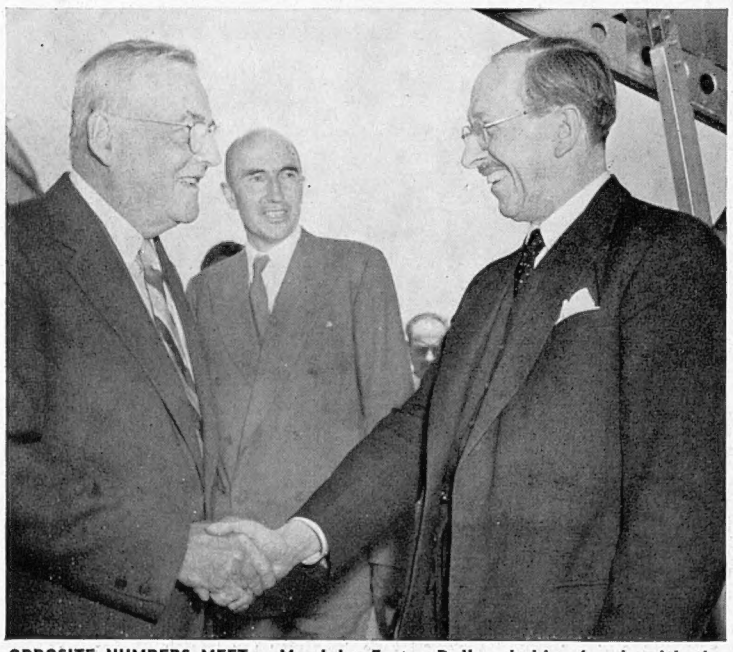
SALISBURY, BIDAULT AND DULLES MEET

THE THREE FOREIGN MINISTERS CONVERGE ON WASHINGTON FOR VITAL TALKS IN THE LIGHT OF STARTLING DEVELOPMENTS IN RUSSIA

THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY, BRITAIN'S ACTING FOREIGN MINISTER, WALKS FROM HIS PLANE ON ARRIVAL FROM ENGLAND AT NEW YORK'S INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT : With the Marquess is Sir Gladwyn Jebb, Britain's delegate to the United Nations, who met him at the airport. General Sir Brian Robertson and Sir Frank Roberts (who has lately had overall responsibility for German questions) accompanied the Marquess of Salisbury on this vitally important visit.

The meeting of the British, French and United States Foreign Ministers in Washington, a prelude, it was hoped, to even more important talks later in the year, took on an added significance with the news from Russia that Beria, the powerful Chief of Police, had fallen from power. This change in the Russian hierarchy made it vital that Mr. Dulles, M. Bidault and the Marquess of Salisbury should examine the world situation anew, but it would be interesting to know whether these distinguished Ministers were much better informed than the world Press on what had really occurred behind the Kremlin walls, for seemingly no one was quite sure whether Beria's departure from the scene indicated a trend from Stalinism or back to Stalinism.

This question of the Russian upheaval was discussed by the three Ministers and by Mr. Eisenhower when they met at lunch at the White House. Mr. Dulles and Lord Salisbury, on the one hand, and Mr. Dulles and M. Bidault, on the other hand, also held private talks. These two-man talks centred, in Britain's case, on the Middle East and the Near East, and in that of France on Indo-China. Mr. Dulles is said to have urged the Marquess of Salisbury to revive the Anglo-Egyptian talks which broke down in May because of the Egyptian rejection of the British terms for withdrawal from the Suez Canal base.



OPPOSITE NUMBERS MEET : Mr. John Foster Dulles shaking hands with the Marquess of Salisbury, Britain's Acting Foreign Minister. In the centre is Sir Roger Makins, the British Ambassador in Washington.

LORD SALISBURY GREETED BY THE PRESS AT WASHINGTON'S INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT : The Acting Foreign Secretary is seen (towards right) as he advanced upon the line of Press and movie cameras. Walking beside him is Mr. John Foster Dulles, the American Secretary of State.

GREETINGS AT IDLEWILD AIRPORT, NEW YORK : M. Henri Bonnet (right), French Ambassador to the United States, with M. Georges Bidault, the French Foreign Minister, and Madame Bidault on their arrival from France. One of M. Bidault's tasks while in America was to discuss with Mr. Dulles the French situation in Indo-China, and the costly Colonial war.

BIDAULT, DULLES AND SALISBURY : The three Ministers facing a battery of microphones in Washington. The question of policies towards Russia and the possible effect of the downfall of Beria were uppermost in the discussions, which coincided with the dramatic news from Russia.

A SMILING PRINCESS MARGARET IN RHODESIA

The Princess and the Queen Mother Seen on Various Occasions During their Royal Tour, in the Course of which the Princess was Indisposed for Several Days

THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET AT GATOOMA, THE CENTRE OF THE RICHEST GOLD-MINING AREA IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA: *Left*—Acknowledging the greetings as they stepped from the train. *Right*—The Princess receives a bouquet from a young citizen of Gatooma. Some of the reports from Southern Rhodesia have indicated that the Princess looked unhappy and preoccupied during the trip, but, on the contrary, many of the pictures have shown her to be smiling and gracious and ably supporting her mother during the arduous round of public duties. Further pictures taken during the tour will be found on pages 86–87 of this issue.

SIGNING THE VISITORS' BOOK DURING A SECOND VISIT TO THE RHODES CENTENARY EXHIBITION AT BULAWAYO: The Princess and the Queen Mother before the start of their tour of the various pavilions.

DURING THE VISIT TO THE NATIVE TOWNSHIP OF LUVEVE, NEAR BULAWAYO: The Queen Mother and her serene and smiling daughter in the Royal pavilion which was erected for their reception. It was during these first days of the tour that the Princess caught a severe chill, having arrived in Rhodesia only partly prepared for the rather cold weather of an African winter.

On left—
AT THE SAKUBVA AFRICAN TOWNSHIP OF UMTALI: The Queen Mother signing the Visitors' Book and Princess Margaret standing beside her. It was at this stage of the Royal tour that the Princess interrupted her activities, remaining in bed with a very severe chill.

On right—
RECEIVING GIFTS FROM THE PEOPLE OF MOZAMBIQUE: The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret at the Centenary Exhibition.

AN AERIAL POSTMAN COLLECTS THE MAIL FROM THE U.S. COAST GUARD ICEBREAKER "NORTHWIND" DURING THE FORTY-SEVEN-DAY WINTER EXPEDITION IN THE BERING SEA: A Coast Guard plane from the Air Detachment at Kodiak, Alaska, flies in low over the ice to pick up the mail from one of the two icebreakers during the winter expedition. The two icebreakers, *Northwind* and *Burton Island*, visited Kodiak, on Kodiak Island, off the Alaskan Peninsula, Dutch Harbour and Gambell, the latter being a tiny native village on the north-west tip of St. Lawrence Island, situated about fifty miles from Russian territory. From there the ships went on in an attempt to reach the northern portion of the Bering Sea, but found they were unable to pierce the giant ice-floes that bar the sea lanes to Nome during the winter. The eastern approach to Nome was then abandoned in favour of an attempt to reach the Bering Strait. In this forty-mile-wide channel the ships faced a new problem in ice-breaking. Instead of the solid fields of ice up to 12 ft. in thickness that clogged the eastern route, the ships found the strait choked with very hard floes of fast-moving ice. Though it was found possible to advance steadily under full power through the ice itself, the rapid southward drift of the Bering Sea pack-ice prevented any progress being made through individual floes. The ships carried helicopters during the expedition and the machines were used extensively for reconnaissance whenever possible.

THROUGH THE ICE TO THE BERING SEA

Two United States Coast Guard Ice-breakers Carry Out a 47-Day Winter Expedition off the Coast of Alaska

FORCING A WAY THROUGH THE ICE: In this solid field of ice in the Bering Sea the two icebreakers try a tandem method of breaking ice. Ramming, backing and ramming again, the two vessels try forcing their way side by side.

ALMOST HIGH AND DRY: The *Northwind's* bow is almost high enough to walk under as she rests on the ice at the site of the mail pick-up. *On left*—**A HELICOPTER RETURNS TO THE SHIP:** Members of the *Northwind's* crew await the landing of the machine on the temporary "flight-deck" built on the after-end of the ship. In the background is the *Burton Island*.

THE ESKIMOS OF THULE MOVE NORTH

The Eskimo Population of the World's Most Northerly "Town" Leave Their Homes, Moving Away from the United States' Air Base

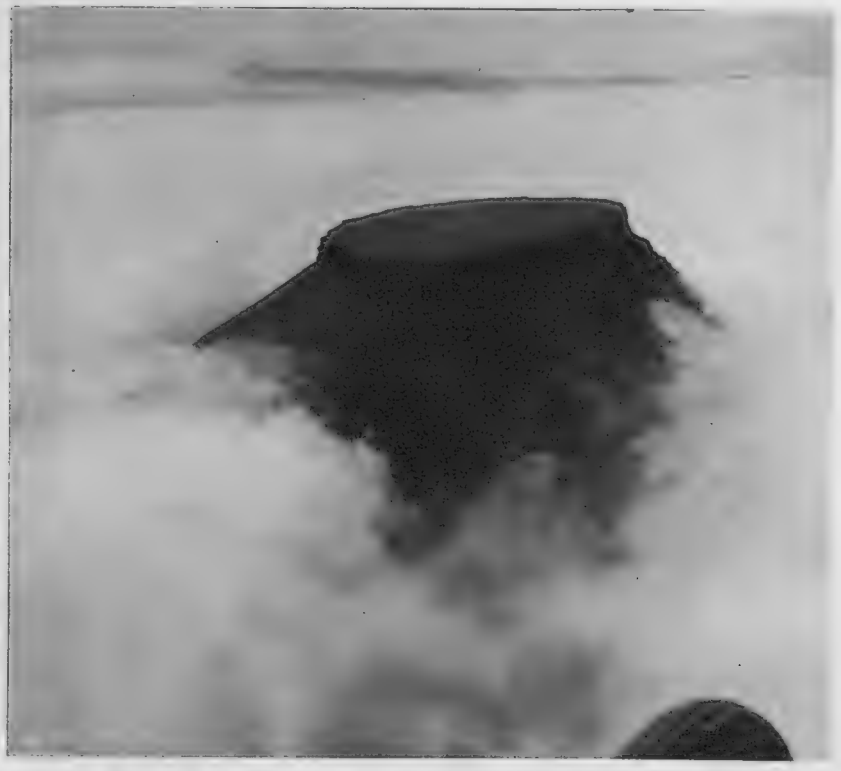
Until a short time ago the small township of Thule was Denmark's most north-westerly settlement in her Greenland dominion. Located 800 miles from the North Pole, it had an Eskimo population of about 100 men, women and children, whose existence largely depended on the food and skins brought in by the hunters. In springtime some of the men would take their dog-sledge teams on to the floes and hunt the polar bear among the icebergs, while others went in search of the walrus, seals, birds and fish. Now, alas, Thule is being abandoned by the Eskimos and the entire population is moving 80 miles north to Kanak, on the Inglefield Inlet. The local Hunters' Board, who authorised the move earlier this year, say that the Eskimos' existence is being threatened by the presence of United States ships and planes using the base at Thule. The noise of the machinery, they say, is scaring away the animals, and the men are finding it increasingly difficult to provide sufficient food. At Kanak Danish surveyors have been busy preparing the way for the Eskimos, no doubt planning a new township where living conditions will be better than those at Thule, where tuberculosis has developed so devastatingly. In recent years, however, the disease has shown signs of being checked. For nine months of the year the Inglefield Inlet is covered with ice, 6 to 7 ft. thick, but for the Eskimos this will be no new experience, for at Thule the first supply ship of the year usually made its way through the ice about August.

NORTHWARDS TO A NEW HOME : Two Eskimo women in their native costume, seal skin "kamiks" (boots), fox skin trousers and cotton "anoraks," look over the site where their new homes will be built at Kanak, on the coast of Inglefield Inlet, Greenland. They are leaving their former homes 80 miles south at Thule, on the west coast, as they say their existence is being threatened by the United States air base a few miles away. The noise and smell from planes and ships is scaring away walrus, seals, polar bears and birds.

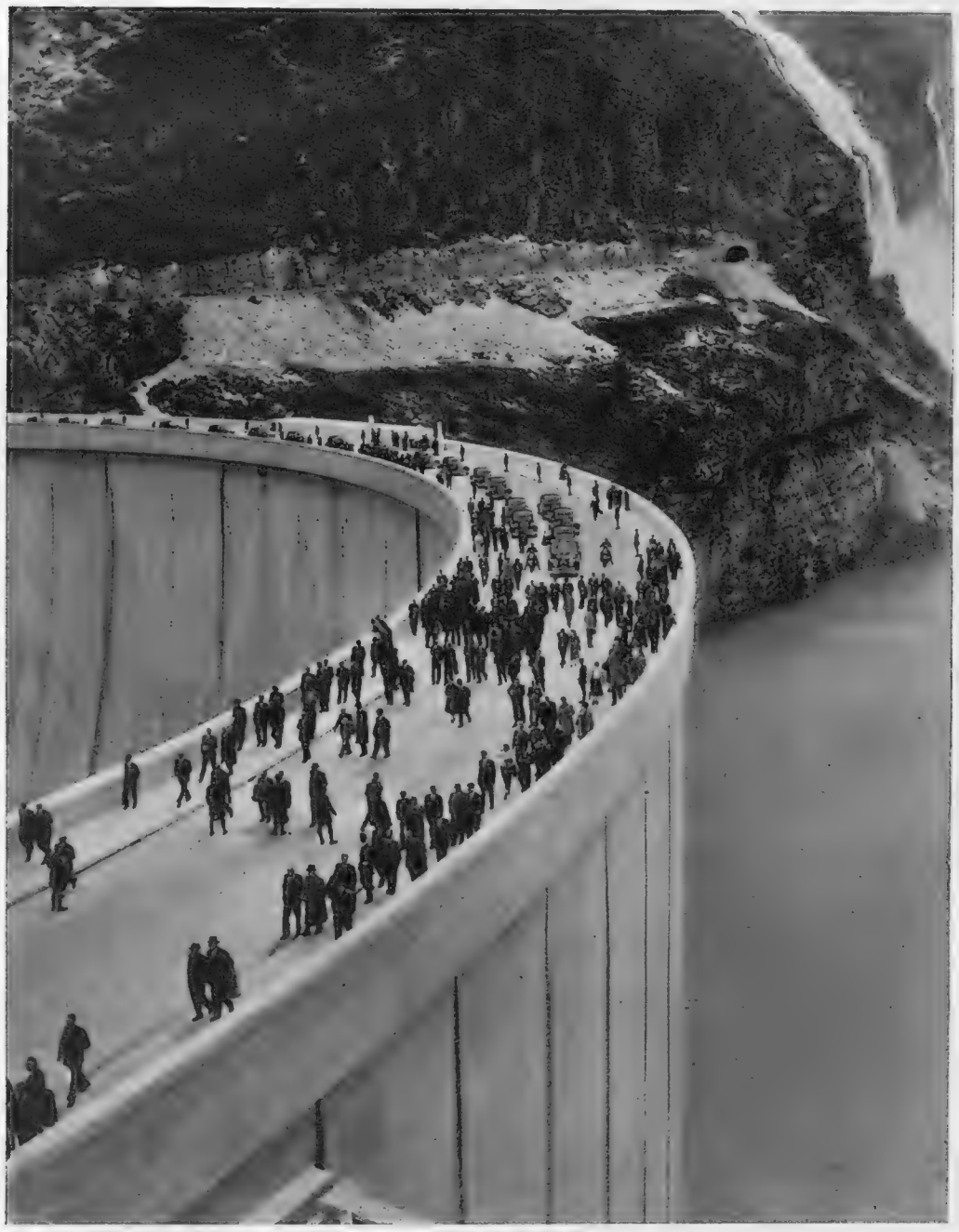
A REST FOR A DOG-SLEDGE TEAM : Despite the innovation of the helicopter in the Far North the Eskimo is still very much dependent upon his dogs, especially when hunting. As the ice breaks up in springtime, the Eskimos take their dog-sledges on to the floes and hunt polar bears amid the icebergs. Sometimes they are carried for hundreds of miles before being thrown up on the coast.

A VISIT FROM A HELICOPTER FROM THE AIR BASE AT THULE : Two Danish technicians landed from the machine to make a survey of Kanak. In 1941 Denmark gave the United States rights to operate bases in Greenland, whose great value lay in the facilities afforded for naval action and air passages.

THE OLD AND NEW FASHIONS WORN BY THE NATIVES OF GREENLAND : On the left of the picture two Eskimos in the native costume of the Far North welcome a family from a South Greenland settlement dressed in semi-European costume.



LANDMARK OF THE ABANDONED SETTLEMENT : A view of Thule Mountain, showing the table-like summit where a cairn has been built to the memory of Rasmussen, the part-Danish Eskimo explorer who did so much for the people of Greenland.



THE INAUGURAL PARTY WALKING ALONG THE SUMMIT OF THE GREAT TIGNES DAM, SAVOY, THE HIGHEST DAM IN EUROPE: The dam was inaugurated last week by President Auriol of France, who described it as "a mighty combination of human effort and technical resource." It has taken only six years to build the dam, which rises nearly 600 ft. and contains 850,000 cub. yards of concrete. The lake impounded behind the barrage has a capacity of 300,000,000 cub. yards. After the inauguration the President visited the new village of Tignes, which is being built to make good the loss of the old village now submerged. This new village is over 6,000 ft. up the mountainside, and the plans not only include the rehousing of the dispossessed villagers, but also providing hotels and the equipment for a modern winter sports resort. In his speech at the hydro-electric power station at Malgovert, 2,500 ft. below the dam, the President referred to the sacrifices made by the villagers of Tignes in the general interest. He could not forget, he said, that the demands of the nation justified the work that had been done; none the less, a village that formerly housed 100 families had disappeared under the waters. This sacrifice by the people of Tignes was an example to them all, the President said. "The French people are capable of the highest efforts and shrink from neither hard work nor difficulties; but they demand that the cost be shared by all, and that the nation alone should profit."

NEWS FROM FOUR CONTINENTS

President Auriol and the Great Tignes Dam; British Race Successes at Rheims; Crown Prince Akihito in Italy; The Devastation of the Texas Countryside

AFTER THE TUNISIAN ASSASSINATION: General Garbay, Commander-in-Chief of the French forces in Tunisia, presenting his condolences to Prince Mohammed Sadek at the funeral of the latter's brother, Prince Azzedine Bey, at the Tourbet El Laz Mausoleum. Prince Azzedine Bey was heir presumptive to the Bey of Tunis. He was shot by a Tunisian extremist when reading the morning newspapers in his summer house. Prince Mohammed Sadek becomes the new heir to the throne. He is not a widely-known figure.

The murder of Prince Azzedine Bey, the seventy-two-year-old heir presumptive to the Bey of Tunis, was the work of a Tunisian called Hedi Ben Brahim Ben Ejebala Djeridi, who was captured after Prince Abdel Hamid, one of Prince Azzedine's sons, had given chase. The assailant is reported to have said that he was given £200 for his work, and he produced a list of names of those implicated in the plot. The French authorities, however, attach little importance to the list. Prince Azzedine was well known in Tunisia for his hostility to the Neo-Destour, the extreme nationalist movement, and for his friendly relations with the French authorities. The new heir to the throne, Prince Mohammed Sadek, is sixty-five and is generally regarded as being favourably disposed towards the work of the French in Tunisia. The crime is certain to add to the difficulties of conciliation between the Neo-Destour and the French, to which M. Laniel referred in his recent investiture speech.

THE TWELVE-HOUR ENDURANCE RACE AT RHEIMS: The cars lined up on the floodlit track and in front of the pits before the start of the contest, which was won by Stirling Moss and Peter Whitehead, two of Britain's outstanding racing motorists, who drove a Jaguar car to victory. Their car is not seen in this picture, but No. 23, which is seen standing in the left centre, is the Bristol driven by Wilson and Jack Fairman, who won the under-2-litres class.

On right—

British drivers added to their laurels at Rheims last week when Mike Hawthorn, a British member of the Ferrari works team, won the Rheims Grand Prix, beating the Argentinians Fangio and Gonzales, who drove the Maseratis. In the twelve-hour endurance test Stirling Moss and Peter Whitehead were successful in a Jaguar, once again drawing attention to the merits of this great car, which is playing such a part in Britain's export programme. Moss and Whitehead covered the 1,265 miles at an average speed of just over 105 m.p.h. A Talbot, of France, was placed second, a Cunningham, of the United States, third, and another Jaguar was fourth. In fifth place was the Bristol driven by Wilson and Fairman, and this car was placed first in the class for cars between 750-cc. and 2 litres.

THE BATTLE OF THE FARES IN CALCUTTA : This railway coach was set on fire by hooligans who went into action near Dum Dum Airport to demonstrate against the quarter-anna increase in second-class fares. They barricaded all road approaches in the area, stopped vehicles, ordered passengers out and stoned the police with ballast lying on the railway tracks. As they were dispersed they set this coach on fire, and the fire brigade arrived too late to save it. In Calcutta life has been brought almost to a standstill by these and other activities associated with the Communist Resistance Committee. More than 500 people have been arrested during the rioting. On the day after this demonstration police arrested more people for picketing, throwing bombs and crackers, brickbatting and non-payment of fares. The demonstrators constantly sought to develop new tactics to prevent tramway travel. Barricades were put up across the tracks and agitators tried to prevent passengers boarding vehicles.

THE WEST BENGAL POLICE ARE CONFRONTED BY A MENACING SITUATION : Smoke clearing away after the explosion of a bomb which had been thrown at the police when attempting to disperse rioters in Calcutta. The imposition of the new fares has caused the rioting.

CROWN PRINCE AKIHITO PAYS A VISIT TO THE VATICAN : The Prefect of the Vatican Ceremonial Staff, Mgr. Diego Venini, is seen (on left) as he conducted the Crown Prince to the Papal apartments for his audience with Pope Pius. Crown Prince Akihito was also accompanied by the Great Chamberlain of Japan, a Counsellor of the Tokyo Foreign Ministry, and a number of other high Japanese foreign officials. He delivered a message from his father, Emperor Hirohito, and also presented to the Pope two silver Japanese vases bearing the Japanese Imperial crest. Before being received in audience the Crown Prince made it known that he intended to spend three weeks in Italy.

WHEN THE FLOODWATERS SUBSIDED IN NIERSTEIN : Citizens helping to clear away the mud after there had been heavy rain and flooding in the southern part of the Rhine Valley, causing extensive damage to vines and crops. The mud was washed into the streets from the vineyards on the surrounding hills.

On left—

RUINED BY DROUGHT : This is typical of land in West Texas, which has been devastated through lack of rain, the sand and topsoil drifting across the countryside and covering many fertile acres. In the foreground is a road, and on the left is a barren field which should be knee deep in cotton at this time of year. So serious is the situation that President Eisenhower has designated 152 counties in Texas and 40 in Oklahoma as disaster areas, allocating 8,000,000 dollars for emergency relief in the drought-stricken districts. Mr. Ezra Taft Benson, Secretary of Agriculture, told a Press conference in Washington recently : "I found the conditions worse than reports had indicated, but the spirit of the people better. It might be necessary," he added, "to designate disaster areas in other states unless there is 'moisture from above.'" In parts of Colorado, Kansas and New Mexico the drought could attain disaster proportions if the dry weather continued. Mr. Benson said that plans for getting relief to the stricken Texas and Oklahoma districts and for extending credit to farmers had been drawn up. He listed feed for livestock, credit for farmers, and temporarily lower freight rates on feed shipped in and cattle shipped out as major items.

ENGLAND AND THE ARAB STEED

Lady Wentworth's Celebrated Stud in Crabbet Park, Where She Carries On a Great Tradition which Goes Back to the Days of the Darcy White and the Yellow Turk

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

SITTING on the lawn at Crabbet Park, watching in the warm June sunshine a parade of Lady Wentworth's famous Arab Stud, it came to me that here before my eyes was a mirror to the past, that I was looking not only at some of the most beautiful horses in the world, but back through the centuries to the very foundations of the English thoroughbred.

It seems to be generally accepted nowadays that we owe the origin of the English thoroughbred to Charles II. That is not quite true. It is true that the Merrie Monarch had almost as keen an eye for a horse as he had for a woman. And it is true that, shortly after the Restoration, Charles II ordered the Master of the Horse abroad to purchase the best Eastern mares that he could find. About forty mares were bought through the Levant Company, trading in Cairo, and brought to England. They were known simply as the "Royal Mares," and it is from them that the modern English thoroughbred descends.

All that is true enough. But it is not the whole truth. One gets the impression from most of the books that Charles II was the first man to import Arab mares. In fact, Arabs, stallions and mares, had been imported for centuries. Charles II was not even the first English King to own an Arab stud. That honour must surely go to James I, who founded a racing stud at Tutbury with horses bought from Markhams, the horse-dealers. One of these horses, the Markham Arabian, was the leading sire at the Royal Stud for many years, despite the disparaging remark of the Duke of Newcastle.

The Royal Stud was broken up and sold by the Puritans after the execution of Charles I. Some of the horses were sold to the Duke of Ormond in Ireland, but the rest disappeared, and that might well have been the end of the Arab in England but for Oliver Cromwell. Cromwell, a countryman and a keen sportsman, was a soldier of genius and realised that the day of the "great horse" had gone with the passing of heavy armour. He gave orders to his agents in the Near East to buy Arabs, and with them founded an Oriental Stud. He owned a stallion called The White Turk. Now, there was never a Turkish breed of horse. The name Turk merely indicated that the animal came from Turkey, had been bought in Turkey. All "Turks" were Arabs. Cromwell's The White Turk was a grey Arab stallion. This Arab stud must have gained great fame, for within a few hours of his return to England Charles II had ordered its seizure. He then set about trying to trace the whereabouts of the Arabs that had been sold from the Tutbury Stud, and it was only when he failed to find any of them that he ordered the importation of the forty "Royal Mares." These forty, therefore, were not the foundation stock of the Royal Stud. The foundation had already been well and truly laid by Cromwell. It is to Oliver Cromwell, stern Puritan, that we owe the origin of the English thoroughbred, but to Charles II belongs the credit for breeding for racing.

All thoroughbreds trace back in the male line to three sires: the Byerley Turk (which was an Arabian) imported in 1689, the Darley Arabian imported in 1706, and the Godolphin Arabian imported in 1724. (The Godolphin Arabian is sometimes called a Barb. You have only got to look at Mackrell's engraving to know that it was not. In any case, as with the "Turk," there was no such breed as a "Barb." The word only meant that the animal came from foreign parts, not necessarily even from the Barbary Coast. All early Barbs were Arabs. Later the word came to mean, more particularly, a horse of mixed, but still foreign, blood—a part-Arab.) While no one with any knowledge would dream of minimising the importance of these three great sires, it is as well to remember that there were many other Arab sires. Of these the Leedes Arabian, the Darcy White Turk, the Darcy Yellow Turk, the Helmsley Turk and the Lister Turk all played a big part in the evolution of the English thoroughbred.

But the most noteworthy, surely, of all these early Arab stallions was a little-valued grey, which passed through any number of hands, but which is usually known as the Alcock Arabian. Grey is unlike all other horse-colours in that it can pass only from one or both the immediate parents to the offspring. Bay, black, brown, chestnut need not necessarily have had either parent of the same colour. But every grey must have had either a grey sire or a grey dam. This does not, however, mean that a grey parent (or even both parents grey) will always have a grey offspring. Indeed, outside Arabs, it does not happen very often. Among the early importations of Arabs there were very few greys, which is why grey is an uncommon colour among English thoroughbreds. In most cases the colour has been lost, and once lost grey can never be recovered. But the Alcock Arabian has handed down his colour for 260 years—every grey thoroughbred in the world traces back to him, The Tetrarch, Tetratema, Mumtaz Mahal, Mahmoud and Airborne, to mention only a few—and with the colour seems allied to great speed.

The female side is not so clear as the male; not clear enough, at least, to prevent controversy. You would think that, knowing the "Royal Mares" to have been imported from the East (whether they were wholly of Arab blood or whether some of them were Barbs, of part-Arab blood, does not matter), it would be accepted that the English thoroughbred was wholly foreign in origin. I think that but for the late J. B. Robertson it would have been accepted. But Robertson, with a praiseworthy but mistaken insularity, did not like the idea of the English thoroughbred being foreign in origin, and so he called those mares, whose origin was not definitely stated in the *Stud Book*, "Native English Running Mares." The term has stuck, and there are many who believe that the English thoroughbred has developed from Arab stallions on English running mares. The odd thing is that, so far as I am aware, no one has ever talked about a native English running stallion! Perhaps for the simple reason that there has never been such an animal. Nor was there ever a breed of English running mares. The English thoroughbred is wholly foreign in origin: not wholly Arab, but wholly foreign. But the part that matters most is Arab.

It was, with one exception, the pure Arab that I saw at Crabbet Park. (And the one exception was particularly interesting, for it was a filly-foal by Airborne, the grey winner of the Derby and St. Leger, out of the Grand Champion Grey Royal, as perfect an Arab mare as ever stepped. The career of this filly will be of the greatest interest to horse-lovers all over the world.) They were displayed to the best possible advantage on a smooth green lawn, with an ancient wall of mellow brick for backcloth. The beauty of mare and foal, the majesty of stallion, in such a setting defies description. But one thing must strike even the least horse-minded person at once; and that is, how different an Arab looks from other horses. This is not really surprising, for the Arab (though comparatively few people seem to realise it) is a distinct species with distinct anatomical differences. Ordinary horses have 6 lumbar vertebræ: the Arab 5. Ordinary horses have 19 pairs of ribs, the thoroughbred 18 pairs, the Arab 17. This sort of thing is not, of course, apparent to the onlooker. But the very distinctive shape of the head is. The head is the head of an aristocrat—small and wedge-shaped, broad at the cheek bones. There is a concave dip just below the eye-level, and the profile tapers to a very fine muzzle. The forehead is very wide between the eyes, and the eyes are very large and dark. The nostrils, too, are very large and quite exceptionally flexible, capable of great expansion. And when you watch an Arab move, you watch poetry in motion. The trotting action is brilliant, scintillating. The legs seem to dart out from the shoulder, the feet scarcely to touch the ground: the animal dances, as light as a butterfly, over the ground.

If you look at the early pictures of the English thoroughbred—at portraits of early Derby winners, for example—the distinctively Arab shape of the head is most noticeable. It has been getting less so with the passing of the years, the profile becoming straighter. But still the Arab profile, the concave dip, appears from time to time—Sun Chariot, the most brilliant filly of recent years, for instance—and recent French winners of the Derby have had very Arab heads.

The Arab is an original wild breed, a species. The thoroughbred is a made breed. Many years of careful breeding for speed has produced an animal infinitely faster than the Arab. But the Arab remains the fastest of all natural breeds. And the Arab has stamina, which has become less evident in the thoroughbred as one result of the search for speed. Crabbet-bred Arabs have a great record in long-distance races. Ramla won the U.S.A. 305-mile race in 1919, carrying 14½ stone. Crabbet won the same race in 1921 carrying 17½ stone. That *is* stamina. But horses bred from Crabbet mares have also won in England. It is very much to be hoped that Airborne's filly will be raced.

The present Crabbet Arabian Stud is almost 100 years old. But Lady Wentworth's ancestors also bred Arabs. For nearly 300 years—going back to the Darcy White and Yellow Turks at least—the family has been breeding Arabs. It is not altogether surprising that Lady Wentworth should be the world's leading authority on Arabs, nor that the Crabbet Stud should have world-wide fame. Horses from Crabbet are exported all over the world, from the United States to Siam. Crabbet stock is to be found in such unlikely places as Tierra del Fuego and Fiji. For Crabbet stock there is no Iron Curtain.

We hear a great deal in these days of the need to export, of the increasing difficulty of selling British goods abroad. Here, in the heart of the quiet Sussex countryside, is a country house, whose name is known all over the world—a factory (if one may use such a pedestrian word for an equestrian business) whose goods are always in demand and whose quality is never questioned. It is strange that it should be so little known to the ordinary Englishman.

THE GODOLPHIN BARB: This remarkable horse was one of the eight Barbs presented to Louis XV by the Bey of Tunis in 1731. The Barb eventually came into the possession of the Earl of Godolphin, and contributed more than any other stallion to the improvement of the breed of horses. This is taken from the original picture by George Stubbs and is reproduced by permission of Fores Gallery.

DIGNITY BOTH IN MATURITY AND IMMATURITY: *Left*—Lady Wentworth's supreme champion Arab stallion, Grand Royal, and (*on right*) a foal by Airborne, the grey winner of the Derby and St. Leger. The career of this fine-looking young filly will be watched with the greatest interest.

THE ROYAL SHOW AT BLACKPOOL

The Interest of Overseas Buyers is a Feature of this Year's Royal Show

Blustering winds and frequent storms did not stop 12,905 people going to the Royal Agricultural Society's Show when it opened at Blackpool last week. A feature of the Show was the large number of overseas buyers, who showed great interest in all the classes and sections. The Princess Royal, who attended, presented the R.A.S.E.'s long-service medal to some of the farm workers and visited many of the shows, including the wool exhibition—an interesting display which tells the story of wool through the processes of manufacture to the finished materials displayed by mannequins, a new feature at a Royal Show.

In the cattle section the greater interest was in the dairy types, and of these, the British Friesians were the most impressive in quality. There was a good show of sheep and, in spite of the restrictions on movements because of swine-fever, there were some excellent classes of pigs on show, including Large Whites, Wessex Saddlebacks, and other popular breeds. The number of entries in the heavy-horse section was very satisfactory and the ten-year-old gelding Prince, owned by Mr. Harry Hall, of March, Cambridgeshire, won this class for the fifth year in succession.

Among the smaller exhibitions within the Show itself were the Ministry of Agriculture's pavilion, which portrayed the progress made in grassland management, and that of the Royal Kenya Agricultural Society, which had an exhibition to show how the British farmer could establish himself in the colony.

There was a pleasant surprise for the members of the Council of the R.A.S.E. when it was announced, on the second day of the Show, that the Queen had consented to become President of the Society in 1954 and would attend the annual Show on two days when it is held in Windsor Great Park.

THE ROYAL SHOW AT BLACKPOOL—THE START OF THE COACHING MARATHON FROM THE MARKET SQUARE AT POULTON-LE-FYLDE: Despite a blustery wind which tore the canvas of many of the stands on the night before the opening, the total number of people who paid for admission on the first day was more than in 1951 and twice as many as at Newton Abbot last year.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL WATCHING POINTS AT THE BLACKPOOL SHOW: On the right of the Princess Royal is Lord Cranworth and on her left are Mrs. M. L. Griffith and Sir Merrick Burrell.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY SECTION OF THE SHOW: In the background of this picture is the Blackpool Tower. The Machine Section, which contained nearly every type of modern farming equipment, attracted a great deal of attention from overseas buyers.

AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE ROYAL SHOW "TOWN" AT BLACKPOOL: The buildings of this year's Royal Show extended over 140 acres and were built on the site of the old air-field adjoining Stanley Park, Blackpool. On the first day there were 12,905 visitors.

ANOTHER PART OF THE MACHINE SECTION AT BLACKPOOL: There were both horse-drawn and mechanised implements on view. Of especial interest was the "all-purpose hog muddle rotary niggler and fidgetter," designed by Emett and shown by Petters Ltd. *Inset on left*—A prizewinning Highland cow and its calf pose to make a pretty picture. This pair are owned by Mr. W. Pearson Brown, of Easingwold, in Yorkshire. The beef-producing cattle attracted a good many sightseers at Blackpool, but the interest was greater in the dairy types, of which there were many excellent breeds on show.

WITH THE ROYAL TOURISTS IN RHODESIA

The Queen Mother and Princess Marga on Their Ten-Day Tour

The Royal tour of Southern Rhodesia has aroused deepest interest in Central Africa, and Qu Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret ma a point of giving themselves unstintingly to the wh programme and adding other engagements besides order to meet popular demand.

The Comet aircraft which took the Royal travell to Rhodesia reached Salisbury only twenty-one ho after leaving London. The Queen Mother and Princ Margaret then travelled to Bulawayo by train.

Standing on a flag-decked dais before an enthusias crowd of 25,000 gathered in the Queen's Grou Bulawayo's great sports arena, the Queen Mother offici opened the Rhodes Centenary Exhibition, payin glowing tribute to the memory of Cecil Rhodes and his work in developing the hinterland of Africa. La during the stay in Bulawayo the Queen Mother a Princess Margaret journeyed out to the Matopo Hi and the grave at the World's View of Cecil Rhodes a Sir Leander Starr Jameson. On another day the Ro visitors saw model African villages on the outski of Bulawayo, including the village of Luveve, wh 500 families totalling 3,500 Africans from fifteen differe tribes occupy modern concrete bungalows.

Later they journeyed on to Gwelo and the pleas and picturesque border town of Umtali. After nine da of continuous engagements, during the course of wh they had flown 6,000 miles, travelled 800 miles by r and motored at least 100 miles to attend various functio the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret rested a hotel in the Vumba mountains. On July 10 came news of Princess Margaret's indisposition.

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET ABOUT TO SET FOOT IN AFRICA AT THE START OF THEIR TEN-DAY ROYAL TOUR: They are seen landing from the Comet aircraft which took them from London to Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, in an uneventful journey of just under twenty-one hours. A great crowd assembled at Kentucky Airport, seven miles outside the city, to see the Royal travellers. From Kentucky Airport they drove into Salisbury.

THE ROYAL VISITORS DRIVE FROM KENTUCKY AIRPORT TO GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SALISBURY: Every house along the route was gaily beflagged, and groups of farmers and their families, many of whom had made overnight journeys, stood at every crossroads.

INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR AT KENTUCK AIRPORT: Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mothe inspecting the men of the 1st Battalion the Roya Rhodesian Regiment, who were drawn up to gree her when she arrived with Princess Margaret

WATCHING THE GRADING OF TOBACCO IN THE TOBACCO PAVILION AT THE CENTRAL AFRICAN RHODES CENTENARY EXHIBITION AT BULAWAYO: The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret seen during the course of their tour of the exhibition after they had opened it in the presence of a crowd of 25,000 people. *On left*—The Royal visitors arriving in their semi-open car to inaugurate the exhibition

DECLARING OPEN THE CENTRAL AFRICAN RHODES CENTENARY EXHIBITION AT THE QUEENS' GROUND, BULAWAYO: The Queen Mother prefaced her address by reading a message with which she had been specially charged by the Queen, recalling happy memories of her visit to Rhodesia in 1947 and wishing every success to the centenary exhibition and to the territories which had organised it.

LEAVING THE EXHIBITION THEATRE AFTER ATTENDING AN EVENING CONCERT GIVEN BY THE HALLÉ ORCHESTRA: During their exacting tour of Rhodesia the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret made many additions to the scheduled programme of the tour, going out of their way to make themselves available.

TOURING THE CENTRAL AFRICAN RHODES CENTENARY EXHIBITION: *Left*—The Queen Mother receiving a presentation in the Native Model Village which forms part of the exhibition. *Right*—Princess Margaret accepting a gift in the Madagascar Pavilion. On the day after opening the exhibition the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret made a second tour, and spent 2½ hours going round the various pavilions. They were showered with gifts in the course of the tour.

LINED UP FOR THE CORONATION REVIEW : This was the scene at Odiham Airfield, Hants, as the aircraft for the great static parade were made ready in the review order. On the left of the front line are Sabres of the Royal Canadian Air Force with Meteors on the right of the front line. In the second line are Hastings, Lancasters, Lincolns and Washingtons. In the third line are Meteor day and night fighters, and in the fourth line Valettas, Neptunes, Varsities and Canberras. These planes marshalled in four parallel lines, each stretching for three-quarters of a mile, represented all commands of the R.A.F. at home, the Tactical Air Force in Germany, and the Royal Canadian, Royal Australian and Royal New Zealand Air Forces.

ALL SET FOR THE GREAT AIR REVIEW

The Assembly of the Planes at the Royal Air Force Station, Odiham, for the Static Parade and Fly-Past Held Last Wednesday

Below—THE PARADE OF AERIAL MIGHT : Another view of the massive array of aircraft.

METEORS OF FLYING TRAINING COMMAND DRAWN UP ON THE RUNWAY AT ODIHAM : This static parade was the most impressive of its kind ever held by the Royal Air Force. In the air there was a fly-past by 639 aircraft, ranging from basic trainers flying at 98 m.p.h. to the swept-wing 615-m.p.h. supersonic fighters.

AN ANCIENT CITY DREAMING IN THE SOUTHERN SUN : At the east end of the old Church of St. Salvi are the cloisters, above which is a warren of apartments. This drawing was made by Dennis Flanders in the heart of Albi, which he recently explored, bringing back the fine series of drawings shown on this and succeeding pages. The Church of St. Salvi dates from 942. It was partly destroyed in the thirteenth century, and then restored in the Gothic style. It has some Romanesque features.

ALBI, AND THE LAND OF THE ALBIGENSIANS

An Ancient and Not Readily Accessible City of Southern France, Once the Scene of a Religious Conflict That Shook Europe, Now a Place of Pilgrimage for the Lover of Art and Architecture

SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWINGS BY DENNIS FLANDERS

ALBI IS A CITY OF BRIDGES : This picture shows in the middle distance the southern extremity of the railway viaduct which crosses the Tarn near the cathedral. In the foreground is another viaduct, which crosses a deep gorge.

Dennis Flanders, a distinguished contemporary artist with a special flair for architectural detail, has recently paid a visit to Albi, in Languedoc, and in the following pages are recorded some of the remarkable results of that visit, a series of drawings of the city, and particularly of the great gaunt Cathedral of St. Cecilia, a shrine and fortress unique in France, except in one detail untouched by the influences of the north, and deeply-rooted in the history of a once turbulent land.

ALBI is the city of Toulouse-Lautrec, one of the most brilliant of modern painters and portrayers of the Parisian scene; the city of La Perouse, the celebrated but ill-fated navigator, and over and above all, the city of the Albigensians, those religious devotees who from about the beginning of the thirteenth century defied the Romish Church and, by the simple austerity of their ways, earned the nickname of "the good people."

Albi, for all its fame, is one of the least accessible of the cities of France. There is a through rail coach to it for the traveller from Paris, it is true, coming south through Vierzon and Brives le Gaillard, but for the traveller by road Albi is lost amid the foothills of the Central Massif, a quiet, sleepy city upon the Tarn, dreaming in the sunshine of the deep south, seemingly forgetful of the days when Count Raymond VI fought for his dominions against the Papal hatred engendered by his toleration of the Languedoc heretics. Those were days of the most terrible bloodshed, when 20,000 or more religionists might perish in a single massacre, when this land of the Albigensians was rent from end to end and the serene countryside of Languedoc laid waste, not to mention great stretches of the Dordogne Valley. The Albigensian heresy was, in its essence, the old Manichæan dualism which divided the supreme powers of life into principles of Light and Darkness, Good and Evil; in the faith of the Albigensians it was the evil spirit that had

(*Continued on following page*)

ALBI STANDS ASTRIDE THE WATERS OF THE TARN: This view of the city, which presents itself to all visitors coming from the direction of Paris, is taken from the eighteenth-century bridge. The low bridge in the middle distance is medieval and is said to be one of the oldest in France. The museum containing the paintings of Toulouse-Lautrec, a distinguished son of Albi, is just below the Cathedral of St. Cecilia, which dominates the background of the picture. The cathedral was built mainly between 1282 and 1390. It was constructed to serve as a fortress as well as a church, and is entirely of brick except for the very elegant south porch.

LOOKING UP THE LONG HILL THAT LEADS TO THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. CECILIA: The huge West Tower, so conspicuous a landmark, looks very like a castle keep. The lower storeys pierced with narrow loopholes date from 1365, and the upper storeys from 1485. During the French Revolution this cathedral was one of the few major religious buildings in France to escape untouched.

ALBI

AND THE LAND OF THE ALBIGENSIANS

(*Continued from previous page*)

created the world. Christ was the spirit of Good who could redeem the souls of men from the evil inherent in human life. Against that heresy the Roman Church fought with inquisitorial ferocity, ruthlessly crusading in Southern France even while the Holy places of Palestine were in the hands of the Infidel.

The greatest monument to the turbulence of Albi's past is the massive cathedral, dedicated to the gentle St. Cecilia, a warlike structure more feudal fortress than church, standing dominatingly above the waters of the Tarn, a reminder of the terrible Bernard de Castanet who, when he became Bishop of Albi in 1277, resolved to build a cathedral which would afford him perfect safety. His predecessors during the rigours of the religious wars had been more than once obliged to seek the protection of the earlier cathedral against the fury of the bourgeois in revolt. And it was not by gentleness that Bernard de Castanet intended to lead his flock. This holy inquisitor hung, walled up alive, and otherwise tortured rich citizens whose fortunes he confiscated.

Is it to be wondered at then that the church, conceived amid such strife by such a man, should show the influence of the circumstances and the character which inspired it. To Bernard de Castanet, as to those who came before him and came after him, it was obvious that nothing equalled strong walls for ensuring respect for the house of God

THE NOBLE ENTRANCE TO THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. CECILIA : The long flight of steps leads to an ornate Gothic porch. This porch was built in the early part of the sixteenth century, and presents a wonderful symphony of sculptures in white stone contrasting effectively with the brick walls. It is richly crowned with open-work sculptures, which Dennis Flanders shows in elaborate detail.

On left—LOOKING TOWARDS THE CATHEDRAL ALONG THE RUE CASTELIREL : The view shows the deep eaves of many of the houses in the city of Albi, which in this street are only a few feet apart.

A VIEW FROM THE ARCHBISHOP'S GARDEN ACROSS THE RIVER TARN : The afternoon sun is seen lighting up the Pont Vieux and the Pont Neuf and the houses of the suburb of Madeleine. In the foreground is a statue of Dionysus, one of the five grouped along the terrace above the river.

CLIPPING-TIME IN LAKELAND

How the Sheep are Clipped by Hand in the Farms on the Westmorland Fells, where the Shearing Machine is Practically Unknown

THE annual task of clipping the sheep at Kentmere Hall, in the Westmorland Fells, takes place in an open cobbled yard, backed by the grey walls of the fourteenth-century pele tower and surrounded by the high stone walls typical of the district. In this yard more than a score of men, dressed in overalls, were, when I arrived, busy with the shears, and women hurried here and there with drinks, for sheep-shearing is, above all, a thirsty job.

The young farmer in charge, Miss Constance Wilson, whose first clip it was since taking possession of this Kentmere farm last autumn, had no fear of bad weather upsetting operations on this occasion, and by evening over 1,000 sheep had been shorn. Ewes, looking gaunt and bare, dashed here and there in the fields adjoining the farmyard as they tried hard to discover the lambs that had been left outside earlier in the day. The lambs seemed bewildered by it all—and little wonder. They had last seen their parents wearing thick coats of wool. Now it seemed as though the nudist cult had made its presence felt.

Meanwhile, the women had done their duties with teapot and beer-mug, and were handling the thick, greasy fleeces, rolling them into compact bales. First the leg wool was tucked neatly under, then the fleeces rolled from the tail towards the neck, and, lastly, the neck wool—the least valuable part of the fleece—was used to tie the bale together. The bales would then be taken away to rest in some wool merchant's store preparatory to the autumn sales, when, in some Bradford saleroom, far away from the sheep runs on the Lakeland fells but linked by the great story of wool, the final stages of a drama which began over a year ago would be staged.

Such was the scene that took place recently at the head of the Kentmere Valley, a few miles north of the town of Kendal, and where, a day or two beforehand, Miss Wilson's flock of Swaledale sheep had been roaming over the seemingly limitless area of fell that rises above the dale head and continues to the High

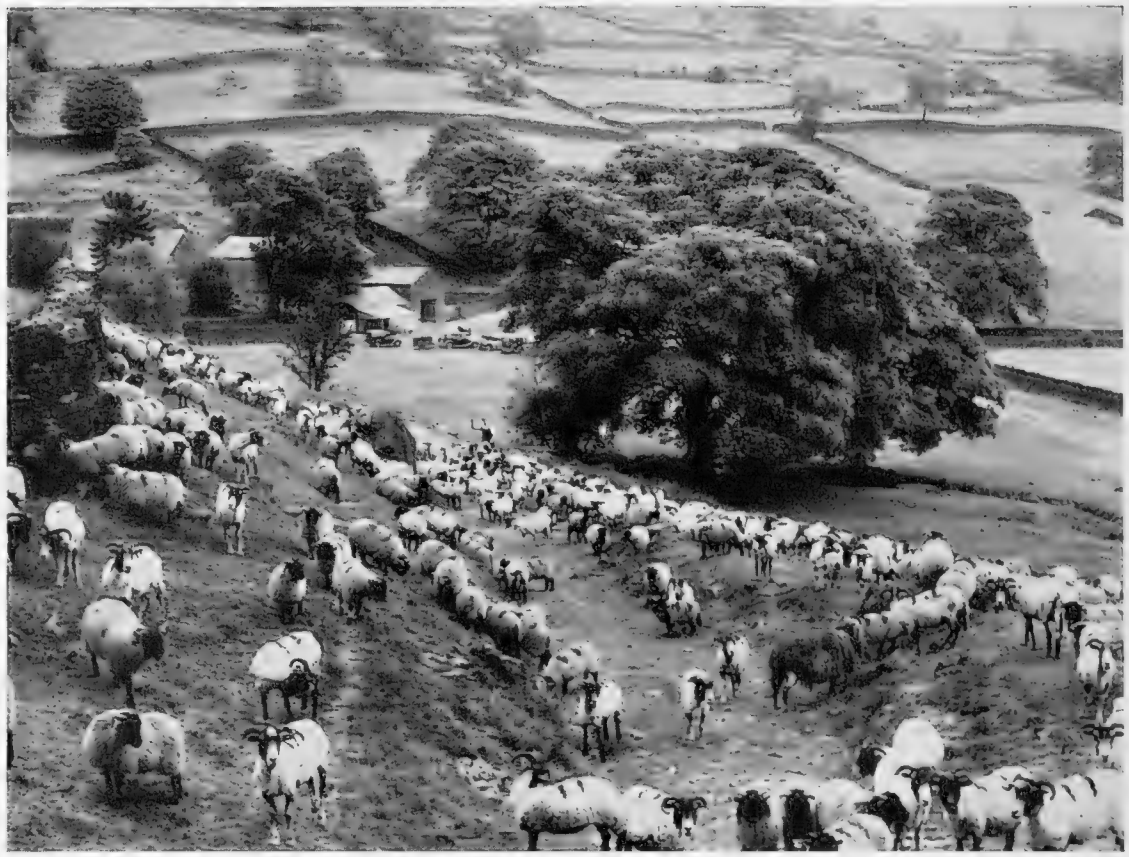
MARKING A SHEEP AFTER CLIPPING : The marker is seen putting a red streak on the back of the shorn sheep. Each farmer has his own mark to enable him to know his own sheep from those of his neighbour.

Street range of mountains over which the Roman legions drove what must have been their highest road.

The time of the annual sheep clip—the boon clip as they still call it in many parts of the north-west—is an occasion that looms large in the Lakeland farming calendar, for the profit from the fleeces is still the most important item in the fell farmer's economic system. From the fells and heights away " back o' Skiddaw," where John Peel hunted 150 years ago and where John Richardson and C. N. de Courcy-Parry still give chase to the fox to-day, to the grimmer heights of Western Cumberland, from the more urbane fells above the wide valley of the Eden to the heights of the old Hundred of Furness, the great task of recent weeks has been to bring the flocks down from the hills and remove the valuable fleeces.

Lakeland sheep runs are no small affairs. They extend over acres of rough fell country and reach the skyline of the highest hills. There are places where the sheep population can be assessed in terms of acres to the sheep rather than the other way round. But clipping is a time for co-operation. The farmers of one dale combine and the flocks of a whole fell are brought down in one day and sorted out when they reach the valley.

Gathering the sheep can be strenuous on occasion, but well-trained dogs reduce some of the labour. There are few workers who can maintain a more complete silence than the sheep dog, and as long as things are going to plan only the bleating of the sheep and the occasional call of some bird will break the silence of the fells. Any mishap, however, will soon cause the collie to give mouth. Some sheep might have stumbled into a gully and be " cast " on its back, and the dogs give news of their find. Sometimes, the shepherd will arrive in time to prevent disaster ; on other occasions, the sheep will have perished and raven or carrion crow



A FLOCK OF CLIPPED EWES AND THEIR LAMBS LEAVE KENTMERE HALL FOR THE FELLS HIGHER UP : In the background of this view are some of the farm buildings of Kentmere Hall, where most of these pictures were taken. The lambs often have difficulty in recognising their mothers, who look rather strange after clipping. In the Lakeland District, shearing machines are practically unknown and the clipping is done by hand.

REFRESHMENT-TIME FOR THE CLIPPERS AND THEIR HELPERS : A hot day is always chosen for clipping, and so the drinks are welcome. The helpers at Kentmere had a wide choice.

THE CLIPPERS AT WORK AT KENTMERE HALL : In the background is the pele tower, which dates from the fourteenth century and is a prominent landmark of the district. It is in this part of England that John Peel hunted, 150 years ago. *On left*—Rough Fell sheep before clipping. These sheep are kept especially for their heavy wool. After shearing, the farmer's task is by no means over. The wool must be wrapped up in bales and taken away to a wool merchant's store to await the autumn sales.

commenced the work of complete destruction. Once the sheep are down, they are sorted and taken to the farms of their various owners, and after shearing, they must be driven back to the fells without delay. The amount of pasture round a Lakeland farm is limited and has probably been used for the lambing ewes. Now it needs as little grazing as possible, so that it can be ready for next winter when, once more, the breeding flock will be wintered there.

In clipping, as in so many things connected with hill sheep farming, a great deal depends on the weather. A spell of rain or drenching mist immediately preceding the clip means clogged fleeces and things are difficult for the shearers. In ideal conditions, such as were generally experienced this year, it takes little time to deal with each animal, and some of the experts, like Jack Bland, the ex-postman of Kentmere, can dispose of a sheep in five minutes or so. Even with such men as these doing the work, clipping is a full day's job, especially on farms like Kentmere Hall, where something like 1,000 sheep have to be dealt with. The clipping machine is virtually unknown on the Lakeland hill farms, and all the work is done by hand—and the men who do it are convinced that the final result is much better.

Clipping is more than a task for the regular farm workers, and there are many folk whose daily tasks take them away from sheep who are expert when it comes to handling the shears. These rarely miss a clipping, and give their help freely, their reward coming when the flock has been dealt with and the tables appear in danger of collapsing from the weight of food.

The old spirit of co-operation among farmers and helpers still remains. One man's clipping follows immediately after his neighbour's, so that the helpers are able to spend two or more days at consecutive clips in the same dale. The dates of the clippings never change. In fact, in the economy of a Lakeland dale, clipping dates are every bit as important as those of sports meetings or even the recognised Bank Holidays.

Sydney Moorhouse

100 YEARS OF CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE

A Famous School Celebrates its Centenary

Phyllis Bentley, D. K. Broster, Margaret Kennedy, all three of them novelists of distinction, Dr. Helen Cam, historian, Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, wartime Controller of the A.T.S., Dr. Maude Royden, a theologian of world standing, and Ethel Stevenson, first Secretary of the World Y.W.C.A., are among the great names of old students of Cheltenham Ladies' College, which has been celebrating the centenary of its foundation, the first ladies' college in Britain to hold such a celebration. Altogether 3,000 visitors took part in the celebrations, and the guest of honour was Miss Florence Horsbrugh, the Minister of Education.

On the occasion of her retirement Miss Popham, the Principal of the College, has had her portrait painted by A. R. Thompson, R.A., and this was unveiled by Lord Bessborough during the celebrations. The launching of a centenary appeal for £50,000 to create a scholarship fund for girls whose parents cannot afford the full fees was another notable event during the celebrations.

Below—

MISS MARGARET POPHAM, THE HEADMISTRESS OF CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE, STANDS BESIDE HER PORTRAIT WHICH HAD JUST BEEN UNVEILED BY LORD BESSBOROUGH, THE PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE COUNCIL: The portrait is the work of A. R. Thompson, R.A., and commemorates the services to the College of a great headmistress. Miss Popham relinquishes her duties at the end of this term after seventeen years. She is to live in London.

THE GARDEN PARTY IN THE GROUNDS OF CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE: Guests strolling on the lawns during the party, which was one of the events marking the centenary of the College, the pioneer among boarding schools for girls. At a special gathering in the Princess Hall, Miss Florence Horsbrugh, the Minister of Education, was the guest of honour. On the evening of the same day there was a special reception for the old students of the College.

BEFORE THE CELEBRATION LUNCHEON: Miss V. Tinson is seen in conversation with the Rev. A. Guy Pentnath and the Bishop of Gloucester.

THE NEW PRINCIPAL OF CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE: Miss Tredgold takes over her duties at the start of the Christmas term.

NOTABILITIES ON THE LAWNS OF THE LADIES' COLLEGE: Left to right—The Hon. Mrs. Brand, Mrs. Morrison (wife of the Speaker of the House of Commons); Councillor T. L. Thompson, the Mayor of Cheltenham; Miss Florence Horsbrugh (Minister of Education); Lord Bessborough (President of the College Council); the Mayoress of Cheltenham; Lady Bessborough and Miss M. E. Popham (retiring headmistress of the College) seen during the centenary celebrations.

THE PRINCIPAL RECEIVES THE OLD STUDENTS: Miss Margaret Popham shaking hands with one of her former pupils during the reception held on the first evening of the three-day celebrations. Standing on the right is Sir Charles Hambro, who acted as deputy for Lord Bessborough. On the wall in the background is a portrait of Dorothea Beale, who was appointed College Principal in 1848. For the centenary week-end 2,300 old students accepted invitations to attend.

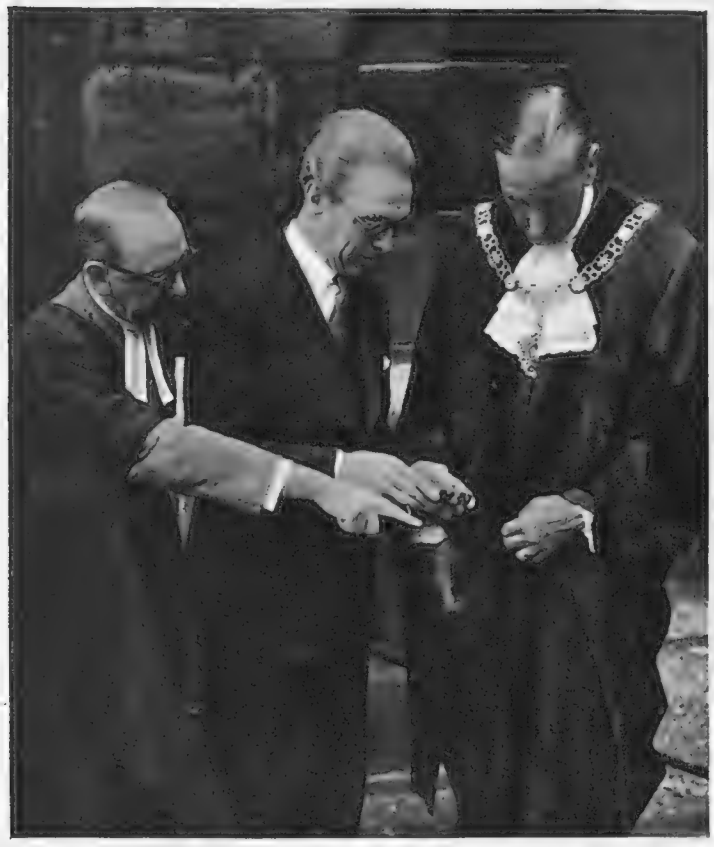
FROM LONDON AND THE PROVINCES

A SURVEY OF THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

Queen Salote Leaves London; the Lord Mayor Inspects Roman Relics; Down to the Sea; the Quest for Coal; American Students and Burmese Businessmen in London

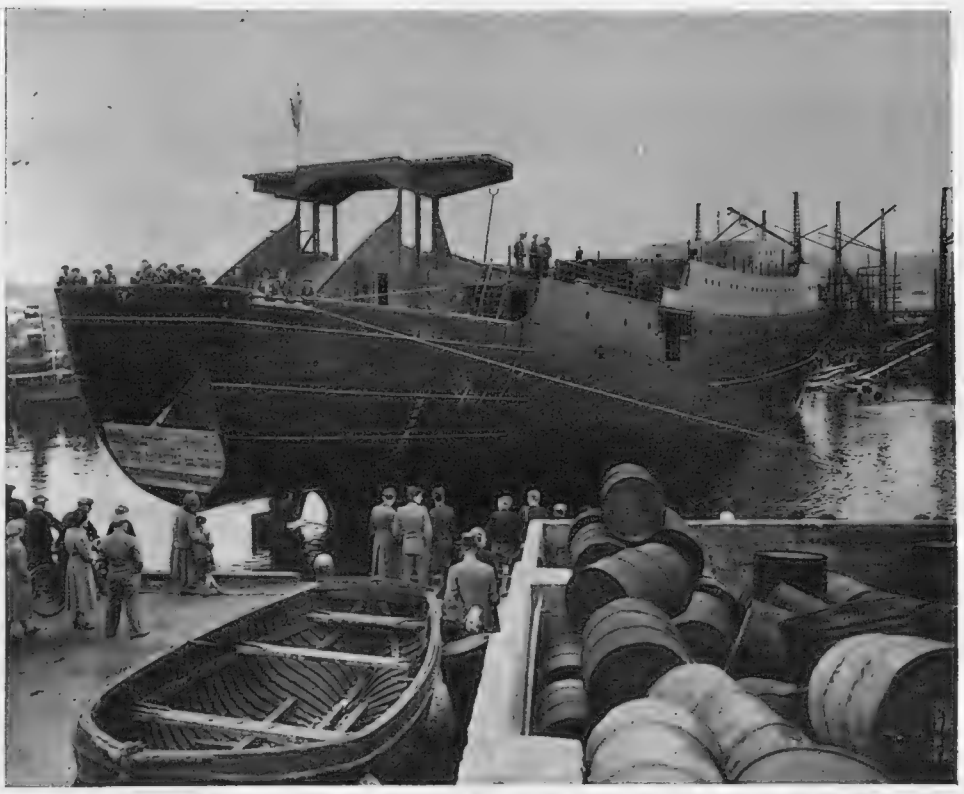
LONDON BIDS FAREWELL TO THE QUEEN OF TONGA: Queen Salote waves farewell at London Airport as she leaves this country on the first stage of her journey home. Her final message to the crowd before boarding the airplane at the end of her stay was: "You are good enough to say that I have won the heart of your island—your island has won mine for ever." Queen Salote, who braved the weather by travelling in an open carriage in the Coronation procession, made extensive tours of the British Isles during her stay here and was warmly greeted at every town and hamlet she visited. Later she will act as hostess to Queen Elizabeth when Her Majesty visits Tonga during her Commonwealth tour.

AMERICAN STUDENTS OF BRITISH POLITICS TALKING WITH ANEURIN BEVAN IN LONDON: The American students, who come from Chicago and district, are in London with the Study-Tour of Americans for Democratic Action, and are seen with Mr. Bevan after a lecture at King's College Hall, Vincent Square. From left to right are: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Larsen; Miss Esther Lowenthal; Mrs. Doris Foster, the Director of A.D.A. Study-Tours from Washington; Mrs. Gwen Glasser; Mr. Louis Lerner; Miss Vivien Margaris; Mr. Bevan, and Mrs. Hazel Hunkins Hallinan, the London chairman of A.D.A.



THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON PAYS A VISIT TO ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH IN FLEET STREET AND SEES RELICS OF THE ANCIENT CITY: Mr. W. F. Grimes, Director of the London Museum, shows a fourteenth-century tile to Sir Rupert De la Bère. On the left of the picture is the Rev. Cyril M. Armitage, Vicar of St. Bride's. *On right*—Canon Armitage points to a section of a Roman wall uncovered at the badly-bombed church during the excavations. Since the war, and especially since Canon Armitage was appointed to St. Bride's, extensive excavations have been carried out in the precincts of the church and archæologists have unearthed several important relics. Just recently workmen began making preparations for a start on the foundations of the new church.

STATIONARY SPEED—A TRAIN TRAVELLING AT SIXTY MILES AN HOUR ON THE BRITISH RAILWAYS' TESTING STATION AT RUGBY : The locomotive seen in this picture is of the Merchant Navy class, and its wheels, which are revolving at the equivalent of 60 m.p.h., are turning on steel rollers which are ribbed to represent tracks. By running the train on this test bed, scientists can make observations much more accurately than when the train is actually travelling at speed on a railway track.



THE HEAVIEST TRAWLER EVER LAUNCHED ON THE RIVER DEE : The 2,500-ton trawler built for the firm of Salvesen and Co., Ltd., Leith, takes the water from the yard of John Lewis and Son, Ltd. at Aberdeen. A quick-freeze, stern-operating factory ship, she will bring fish direct to the consumer with the minimum of handling and in the finest possible condition. After the fish have been hauled on board they will be washed, filleted, skinned, quick frozen and stored (to a capacity of 600 tons) until the vessel returns to port. An oil-extracting machine for the manufacture of fish meal is to be installed.

FOLKESTONE EN FÊTE FOR THE "BLESSING OF THE FISHERIES" ON SEAFARERS' SUNDAY WITHIN ST. PETERSTIDE : The Bishop of Stepney, the Rt. Rev. Joost de Blank, attended by local priests, including the Rev. A. R. Bartlett, Vicar of St. Peter's, Folkestone, who was responsible for the organisation of the service, performs the ceremony at the quayside in the fish market. The large congregation included the Mayors of three towns, representatives of the Royal Navy, the Honourable Company of Master Mariners and other associations. Youth organisations were also present and young boys dressed as fishermen took part in the long procession from St. Peter's. The service included the asperging and censing of the harbour, and prayers for the Queen, the Royal Navy, the Royal Marines, the Merchant Navy and other seafarers.

A CONTRACT FOR £250,000 IS SIGNED IN A KENSINGTON HOTEL : The contract is between the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co., Ltd., and the Burmese Purchasing Commission. From left to right in this picture are : U San Thein, the Deputy Leader of the Burmese Purchasing Commission ; Bo Min Gaung, the Burmese Minister of Public Works and the leader of the Commission ; and Mr. W. J. Richards, the export manager of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company. The contract was awarded to the Marconi Company, in competition with American and European firms, to supply Burma with equipment to rebuild radio-telephone links which were badly damaged during the Second World War.

BRITAIN'S SMALLEST COALMINE—THE PRIVATELY-OWNED COLLIERY AT SUTTON SCARSDALE, DERBYSHIRE : The scene at the coal-face of the Sutton Scarsdale Colliery. George Jones is working at the coal-face and William Outram is taking away a filled tub. *On right*—Harold Blair, whose idea it was to work the colliery, watches filled tubs coming up from the coal-face. With Harold Blair, there are two other men, Jack Blair and William Outram, who have invested their savings in the 40-ft. seam at Sutton Scarsdale. As yet there are only four men working for them, but they soon hope to have another seven workers underground.

LLANGOLLEN'S INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL

A Great Gathering of Singers and Dancers for the Seventh International Musical Eisteddfod

A TUNE ON THE VIELLE : Vivier Leone playing for three of her colleagues who accompanied her to Llangollen last week to take part in the Seventh International Musical Eisteddfod. They come from Tournus, in France, and belong to what is known as the Groupe de Costume Tournugeois. Once again it has been a truly international gathering at Llangollen, with dancers from Indonesia among those who came from farthest afield.

FOLK DANCERS FROM WESTPHALIA REHEARSE AMID THE BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS OF PLAS NEWYDD : The house, with its half-timbering, and the gardens, with their topiary amid trim lawns, have been famous since the days of the Ladies of Llangollen, the two eccentric spinsters who lived together for fifty years in this pseudo-Tudor mansion and never spent a night out of the place. Now thousands of people are attracted there by the International Festival which advances international goodwill through singing and dancing.

THE LATVIAN FOLK DANCERS REHEARSE : Steadily during last week parties of competitors arrived in the Welsh town of Llangollen, there to mingle with the Welsh countryfolk and with the spectators from abroad, who came in large numbers. This year one of the biggest contingents of all came from Norway.

HIGH SPIRITS FROM A MEMBER OF THE UKRAINIAN DANCE GROUP : D. Peseduec gives a demonstration of his prowess in the midst of the tented camp of visitors.

THE INDONESIAN DANCERS SIGN THEIR AUTOGRAPHS : These dancers, who are at present students from Holland, were among the most picturesque visitors to the gay and colourful gathering. *On left*—A PARTY OF DUTCH FOLK DANCERS MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS OF LLANGOLLEN : With an accordion to accompany them they lent colour and gaiety to the town as they made their entry.

CROSSING THE PATHS OF MEN—A HERD OF ELEPHANT AT MARALAI, KENYA, ON THEIR WAY TO NEW FEEDING-GROUNDS : Once these huge, intelligent animals roamed the wilds of Africa in their hundreds of thousands, but man's greed for sport and ivory, together with the elephants' inclination to raid cultivated land, has resulted in their numbers being pitifully reduced. The fight to save the animals of Africa from extinction has so far been only partly successful, and much remains to be done if the larger species are to be preserved. Most of the pictures illustrating this feature were taken by Sir Geoffrey de Havilland.

THE GAME ANIMALS OF AFRICA

The Fight to Protect the Magnificent Fauna of East Africa as Civilisation and Cultivation Relentlessly Encroach Upon Their Wilderness Habitats

By CAPTAIN CHARLES R. S. PITMAN

(*Former Game Warden of Uganda*)

The preservation of animals is not simply a matter of sentiment, nor yet of scientific or æsthetic importance, though all these aspects are of consequence. Some animals are an unmitigated nuisance, but most of them are not, and many of them are of considerable value to human economy. While leopards in Africa are destroyed wholesale for the value of their skins, crops will suffer from the depredations of baboons and wild pigs, on which they normally prey. If hippopotami on the lakes are heavily reduced in numbers or exterminated, the native fish-eating populations will suffer, for the fish feed on microscopic organisms which, in turn, depend on the hippopotamus. At the same time it is clear that man will never allow the presence of animals to interfere with his own prosperity, and it has been found necessary to prevent elephant and other herbivores from ravaging man-sown crops, sometimes by killing them. For many years a handful of farseeing men, both in this country and abroad, have been seeking a compromise between the conflicting demands of men and animals. One result of their work was the establishment of game parks and reserves, where animals can flourish in ideal surroundings without interfering with, or being affected by, the progress of civilisation. In the following article on conditions in East Africa, Captain Pitman, formerly Game Warden of the Uganda Protectorate, surveys the work that has been done and must be done, so that animals and men might live together in mutual harmony and tolerance.

IN order to deal satisfactorily with the complex subject of the preservation of the wild life of East Africa it is necessary not only to describe what the immigrant white man has done and is doing to achieve this object, but also to outline the local situation before his coming, less than a century ago, as well as to indicate sources of disastrous wastage due to devastating diseases, over which, in the case of the wild life, man can have no direct control.

Prior to the coming of the white man, East Africa, by which is meant the present colony of Kenya, the Uganda Protectorate and the Tanganyika Territory, was a vast natural zoo in which incredible quantities of game, including a large proportion of elephants, roamed at their will virtually unmolested. The oral tribal traditions, which constitute the sole source of African native history, give no records of undue cattle or wild life mortality such as would have resulted from severe epidemics and which would have deeply impressed the native mind, and therefore it appears that formerly there could have been no such extensive wastage. Moreover, the various tribes were in an incessant state of warfare which, by denying freedom of movement to the Africans in areas of considerable extent, provided sanctuaries for the wild animals. Then, too, various tabus or inhibitions on eating the flesh or making use in any way of certain species, and the long-established custom of regarding specific wild creatures as totems—immune from molestation—resulted locally in those species enjoying an absolute degree of protection.

Amongst certain hunting tribes further protection was afforded by a strictly enforced close season which coincided with the time of the year when the antelopes were either in young or with young, combined with carefully-apportioned hunting rights which were not lightly disregarded. And, finally, it can be justly claimed that the African with his primitive weapons has never constituted a serious threat to the Continent's splendid and teeming wild life.

AN AFRICAN BUFFALO—SHORT-TEMPERED AND EXTREMELY FORMIDABLE : Efforts are now being made to domesticate these dangerous animals in fly-infested areas where the domestic cattle sicken and die. African buffaloes are to be found in the forests and plains south of the Sahara.

Such was the situation, or at least nearly so, at the time of the advent of the white man, when already the introduction of firearms and the development of the ivory trade by the Arab slavers was creating havoc amongst what once seemed to be the limitless elephant herds, and when the newly-established ivory marts at Khartoum and Zanzibar were dealing in tons of tusks. The tide had turned and henceforward Africa's wild life was to be subjected to relentless persecution, in order to obtain any commodity which could assist man's lust for gain—the commercialisation of game had commenced, and where wild life is concerned uncontrolled killing for profit must inevitably result in eventual extermination.

Was there to be repeated in East Africa the disgraceful story of the south—where in a century-and-a-half many fine species, once represented by hundreds of thousands of individuals, were reduced to a state of absolute or virtual extinction? Is the extermination of the wild life one of the "benefits" which the pioneers of civilisation bring a country? The wild life is our priceless heritage which, once gone, can never be replaced. We hold it in trust for posterity, and in East Africa how have we fulfilled our trust?

From the earliest days of British and German administration in East Africa, that is, in the closing years of the nineteenth

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THE GAME ANIMALS OF AFRICA

(*Concluded from previous page*)

century, regulations were introduced for the protection of game, a licensing system instituted and areas set aside as game reserves. Game preservation must be reasonable, though rigorously enforced, and cannot be imposed at the expense of the local population, so the agriculturist and the stockowner must be safeguarded from the depredations of wild animals. This is called control, and may necessitate the organised killing of large numbers of dangerous and destructive marauders, such as elephants. In Tanganyika and Uganda during the past thirty years, and latterly in Kenya to a much lesser extent, it has been necessary to kill many thousands of elephants in defence of African cultivation. The toll taken may sound alarming, but properly-conducted control operations should not constitute a serious threat to the ultimate welfare of any species.

But let us hark back to the early days when nature introduced into East Africa two terrible afflictions which are still with us—the one rinderpest, a disease which is lethal to cattle, as well as to many of the wild ungulates; and the other the tsetse fly, which, though pathogenic to both man and his cattle, is tolerated and sustained by many species of wild animals. Under such adverse conditions to attempt to promote animal husbandry in proximity to susceptible or tolerant species of game is obviously incompatible. In the case of the awful scourge, rinderpest, the cattle can be immunised at considerable trouble and cost; but where the tsetse is concerned so far no reliable prophylactic is available, and where land has to be reclaimed from the tsetse there is still recourse to the repugnant procedure of exterminating the game on which the tsetse feeds. Also, the introduction of firearms provided an easier and safer way of killing than the arrow and the spear. In Tanganyika the many thousands of African-owned muzzle-loaders, which can be used effectively against all but the largest species, constitute an ever-increasing threat to the wild life. Elsewhere, shotguns originally acquired for bird-shooting are easily adapted for use against larger quarry.

Expanding settlement and extending cultivation, which are in the natural order of things, call for additional protection and necessitate pushing the wild life back still further into the ever-dwindling localities in which it is still to some extent unmolested. Poaching, which was prevalent after the First World War owing to many illegally-possessed firearms and much ammunition, in due course adjusted itself, but since the Second World War there has been a very serious recrudescence. Poaching is a very profitable pastime, as it often provides the only source of meat available, and high prices are paid by Africans. The development of a luxury trade in leopard skins, has necessitated rigorous protection for this handsome species; and now it seems that even the fearsome crocodile, whose lucrative hide is in great demand, will perforce have to be granted a measure of protection.

This analysis of the debit side of the wild-life situation constitutes a harsh indictment of the consequences of the influence of "civilisation." But surely there must be a brighter side to the picture, and is it not possible to provide some hope for a better future? Of course there is, and in this respect there are two dominant factors—game departments and a beneficial public opinion. The former require adequate staff and need to be developed on the right lines playing the difficult dual role of friends of the game and of the people, while the latter has to be carefully nurtured and cultivated.

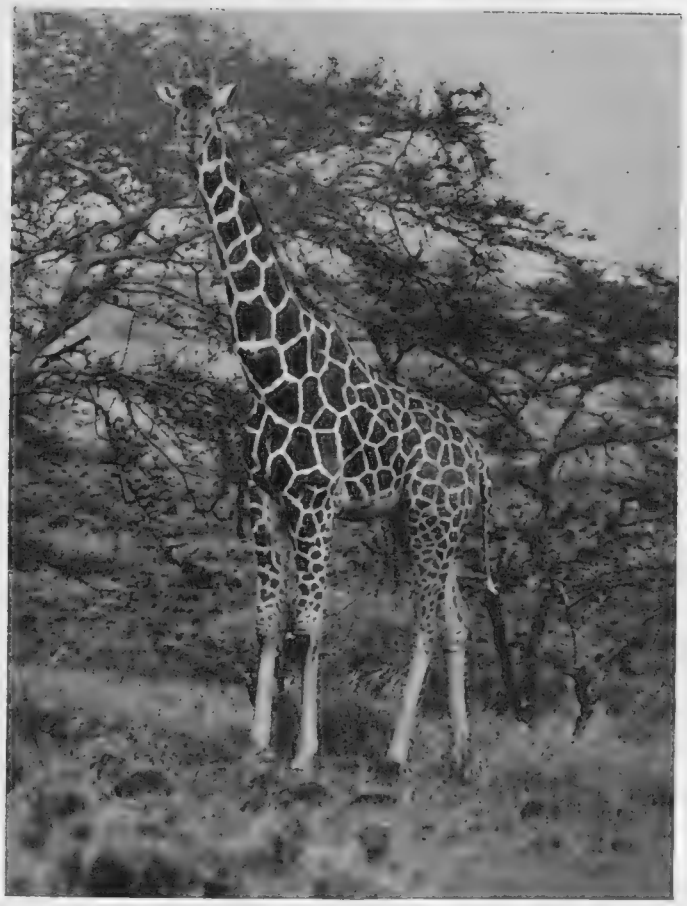
THE GAME RESERVES AND SANCTUARIES OF KENYA, UGANDA AND TANGANYIKA: There are, perhaps, few other places on earth as rich in fauna as East Africa. This map by Nellis Mann shows the reserves, sanctuaries, national parks and controlled areas where the animals are given protection of various degrees. Nevertheless, the poaching of ivory and giraffe tails, ever-increasing cultivation, and many other factors, continue to imperil some of the finest species.

FOUR YOUNG LIONS, STILL BEARING THE SPOTS OF YOUTH: Lions live not in forests and jungles, but in open grass country with a certain amount of scattered bush. In many of the African parks the lions have lost much of their fear of man, so that cars can draw up within yards of them without disturbing them in the least.

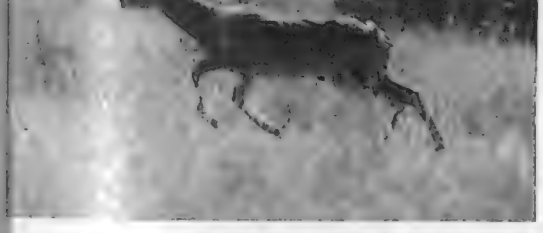
HIPPOPOTAMI AND LARGE CROCODILE FLOAT SILENTLY IN ARMED NEUTRALITY ON LAKE RUKWA, TANGANYIKA: Beyond them thousands of flamingoes rise in a pink cloud at the approach of man. A crocodile killed on the River Semliki, in Uganda, was found to have a 15-ft. python in its stomach. Crocodiles are now widely hunted for their valuable skins in many parts of Africa. The hippopotamus sometimes proves a nuisance at night by invading sugar plantations

OSTRICHES ON THE SERENGETI PLAINS OF TANGANYIKA — ONE OF SIR GEOFFREY DE HAVILLAND'S MAGNIFICENT PHOTOGRAPHS: Ostriches are rarely seen in parties of more than five or six. These great birds, which defend themselves with vicious kicks, are common in many parts of Africa.

THOMSON'S GAZELLES—THE "TOMMIE" OF KENYA: These lovely gazelles are common in the inland parts of Tanganyika and Kenya. They are about 25 ins. high at the shoulder, reddish-brown above and with underparts of white, the two colours separated by a broad black band. The larger animal seen in the background is a hartebeeste, a large, ungainly antelope with an abnormally long face.



ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CREATURES OF AFRICA—THE RETICULATED GIRAFFE: In spite of its long legs and neck the giraffe can gallop at surprising speed and with remarkable grace. It is the tallest of all animals, with a total height of up to 18 ft.



A WHITE-EARED KOB ON THE MOVE: This is an antelope allied to the waterbuck, with a shoulder height of up to 35 ins. The kob is very fond of water.

A BLACK RHINOCEROS AND HER CALF: One of the largest land mammals, the rhinoceros is very short-sighted but has a keen sense of smell and will charge any strange intruder on its feeding-grounds. It lives either alone or in family groups, chiefly in open country.

BRINDLED GNU (OR WILDEBEESTE) AND ZEBRA ON THE SERENGETI PLAINS, TANGANYIKA: Gnu and zebra are often found feeding together in herds of up to a few hundred. The gnu, though fierce-looking, is quite a gentle animal. The zebra, in reality a wild, striped horse, is common in Kenya and Tanganyika. As food it is very highly favoured by lions.

The Game Departments of Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda have been in being respectively for some forty, some thirty and nearly thirty years. These Departments are waging incessant war against the poacher (not an easy task at the best of times), and the murder of members of the forces of law and order is not unknown. Licences, as the situation may demand, have been adjusted and their fees raised for the express benefit of the wild animals. Similarly, in view of changing local conditions, some species have been afforded additional or complete protection, new sanctuaries have been created and others expanded. Ivory, like gold, tends to bring out the worst in human nature, and therefore an unduly high proportion of departmental effort is devoted to detecting and dealing with irregularities in connection with ivory.

A most important function of game departments is effective co-operation with other departments such as Agriculture, Forest, Tsetse Control and Veterinary, to whose activities game may be inimical, and without their tolerance game affairs cannot prosper. Another, and equally important function is a never-ceasing campaign to enlist the support of the local population by dealing promptly and effectively with marauding beasts, and when necessary destroying man-eaters—dreaded prowlers which can suddenly create a bloody reign of terror. Game preservation to achieve the maximum success must be capable of steering a middle course; it must be able to give as well as to take, although it is a subject on which many are either violently *anti* or ardently *pro*. Game is an asset which in 1951 attracted to East Africa tourist traffic valued at £5,000,000; and it is a welcome sign of the times that nowadays more and more wild life is being "shot" with the camera.

The prescience of Paul Kruger, the President of the Boer Republics, notwithstanding the wholehearted opposition of his followers, was responsible for the creation on his own property of the first game reserve in South Africa, a reserve which was destined to become Africa's first National Park. But it was not until after the Second World War that the several East African Governments were able to fulfil the agreement, reached as far back as 1933 at the International Convention for the Protection of the Fauna and Flora of Africa, to establish National Parks. Though late in starting, the East African territories have rapidly made up for lost time, and it is worth recording the following square mileage of the respective National Parks: KENYA—Nairobi, 40; Tsavo, 8,000; Mount Kenya, 200; Aberdare, 200; Marsabit, 11,000; Amboseli, 100; Ngong, 200; Mara, 200; West Chyulu, 200; TANGANYIKA—Serengeti, 5,500, with others under consideration; and UGANDA—Murchison Falls, 1,200, and Queen Elizabeth, 700; others to follow.

One prominent feature of parks and reserves in which the animals are absolutely immune from molestation by man is the remarkable way in which they lose their shyness of man and can then be observed at astonishingly close quarters.

A question often asked is "What is the difference between a game reserve and a National Park?" The distinction is mainly in the degree of security of tenure—in the case of an East African game reserve, it can be created, abolished or altered by decree of the Governor in Council and the general public has no say in the matter; whereas a National Park is controlled and administered by trustees on behalf of the public, and a National Park, once established, can only be altered or abolished by vote of the Legislature and, in consequence, enjoys a relatively high degree of security.

It would be wrong to conclude without paying adequate tribute to the Fauna Preservation Society (formerly the Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the Empire), this year celebrating its jubilee, for its unremitting efforts not only for the welfare of the wild life of Africa and of the Commonwealth, but also as deemed necessary of anywhere in the world.

The Two Bouquets

A REVIVAL AT THE PICCADILLY; W. DOUGLAS HOME'S NEW PLAY AT THE CRITERION; AN AMERICAN COMEDY AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S

GOINGS-ON IN THE GAZEBO: An amusing scene from the revival of Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon's musical play, *The Two Bouquets*, at the Piccadilly Theatre. Patty Moss (Daphne Anderson) discovers her husband, Edward (Hugh Paddick), in a compromising situation with "a fast girl" (Ruth Goring). On the left is Edward's father (Derek Oldham). The Farjeons' Victorian pastiche, first produced in 1936, has been lavishly revived with settings and costumes by Philip Gough, who designed the decor for the original production. The music was selected by Eleanor Farjeon and has been arranged and orchestrated by Ernest Irving. The witty book and lyrics bring nostalgic memories of the late Herbert Farjeon, whose brilliant intimate revues were such a feature of the lighter side of the London theatre in the '30's.

"SHE DID THE FANDANGO ALL OVER THE PLACE": Patty Moss, the little actress who is secretly married to Edward, sings a gay little song with George, an actor (John Hewer), in the charming third act setting of "The River Bank at Twickenham" in the revival of *The Two Bouquets*.

IMMATURE LOVE: Donald (Biff McGuire) discusses art and life with Patty (Diana Lynn) in the new American comedy, *The Moon is Blue*, at the Duke of York's Theatre. This play about a girl whose innocence is equally attractive to males of all ages was a hit in New York, where it ran for 950 performances, finishing its long run in May of this year. Diana Lynn made a great personal success in London as the young girl. She had already played the part on tour in America with David Niven.

MATURE LOVE: David (Robert Flemyng), the married worldling who also falls in love with Patty, offers her 600 dollars "with no strings attached." Her innocence overcomes his baser motives, and he finally takes it on himself to promote the brash young man's suit for Patty. Diana Lynn is 27 years of age, but gives the impression of being a teenager.

On left—

DISCUSSION IN THE DEANERY: The Dean (George Relph) gives advice to his light-hearted son, Brian (Michael Denison), in a scene from William Douglas Home's new play, *The Bad Samaritan*, at the Criterion Theatre. The story combines the light witticisms of Brian with the spiritual conflict of his brother, Alan, who is torn from a worldly love-affair and his future career as a Church of England parson by conversion to Roman Catholicism and his entry into its priesthood. The play was first produced at Bromley repertory theatre.

A CROWDED WEEK OF SPORT

The Third Test Match; Some Great Performances at the White City; the Open Golf Championships and other Sporting Events

ANOTHER FRUITLESS DRAW—THE THIRD TEST MATCH AT OLD TRAFFORD : *Left*—Evans ducks as Neil Harvey hits out at a ball from Laker during the first Australian innings, and (*right*) Wardle playing a ball from Archer during the third day's play when Wardle went in as night-watchman after the fall of Compton and Hutton. A missed catch by Evans off Harvey, when the Australian had scored only four runs, proved most expensive to the England team. It was Harvey, ably backed up by Hole, who came in to bat when the Australians were 48 for 3 and took the score to 221 for 4. Not until the third day was England able to break up this partnership.

GREAT RUNNING AT THE WHITE CITY STADIUM : D. A. G. Pirie (*left*) breasting the tape at the end of the six-mile race, in which he broke the world record, and R. G. Bannister (*right*) winning the mile race last Saturday in his third best time, 4 mins. 5·2 secs. In his six-mile run on the first day of the A.A.A. Championships at the White City last week, Pirie covered the distance in 28 mins. 19·4 secs., beating the previous record set up by Heino by 11·4 secs. Pirie's run was all the more remarkable, as at four miles his time was 18 min. 45·2 secs.—a new English native record. On the following day Pirie won the three-mile event.

AN UNEXPECTED FRENCH VICTORY IN THE ECLIPSE STAKES AT SANDOWN—ARGUR GALLOPING CONFIDENTLY HOME, AHEAD OF ANOTHER FRENCH ENTRY, GUERSANT : The Queen was present to see M. Boussac's horse win the Eclipse from Guersant and her own horse Aureole, which came third. It seemed that it would be Guersant's race until Elliott, on Argur, galloped into the lead 200 yards from the post.

On left—

R. V. C. ROBINS HITS OUT WHEN MAKING A MEMORABLE CENTURY DURING THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH : Eton beat Harrow by 10 wickets at Lord's, thus avenging their defeat last year. Eton scored 238 in their first innings as against Harrow's total of 240 in two innings. It therefore needed only the 3 runs hit off a single ball in Eton's second innings to secure victory.

Above—

BEN HOGAN WINS THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP AT CARNOUSTIE—THE AMERICAN GOLFER PLAYING FROM THE THIRTEENTH HOLE DURING THE LAST ROUND : It was the two final rounds of 70 and a record-breaking 68 that put Hogan four points ahead of his challengers, D. J. Rees, P. Thompson, A. Cerda and Stranahan. This was the first time Hogan had played in this country.

THE EVER-RISING PRICE OF PETROL

The Cheltenham Motor Car Club Fuel Economy Rally; the New Bentley Four-door Saloon; the Motor Trade and the Monopolies and Restrictive Practices Commission, and Other Motoring News

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

HERE we go again. . . . Another halfpenny on the price of petrol! They can't leave us alone for five minutes. I feared as much when I read somewhere a few weeks ago that the price of crude oil had gone up so many cents a barrel in the U.S. They soon catch up with us.

British motorists had begun to hope that the price of petrol had reached its peak and that from now on we could expect a downward trend. There has even been talk of the possibility of a price "war" between the big companies. The two previous price changes had both been on the right lines. There was a reduction of ¾d. a gallon last April and in the previous October the price came down by a ½d. That wiped out the ½d. rise in May of last year. The only other change last year was the most serious for a long time: an increase of 7½d. a gallon in March, following the Budget decision to increase the duty on petrol to 2s. 6d. a gallon. It 's this exorbitant duty that 's the real trouble.

British motorists, by the way, seem to have come to the conclusion that they get real value for money when they buy "premium" petrol, which usually costs 3d. a gallon more than "ordinary," though one big firm charges 4d.

At any rate, more motorists are buying premium grade than the standard stuff. I base this statement on evidence supplied by Mr. A. L. King, of the Shell-Mex and B.P. Company, in a lecture in London the other day.

Mr. King stated that the number of motorists who called for "the best" showed a progressive increase in the first three months after the return of branded fuel on February 1 last. In February the percentage was 55.4. It rose to 57.9 in March and to 60 in April. How does that compare with pre-war business?

Mr. King had the answer to that one, too. He said that in 1938—last full year of branded fuel before the war—only 50 per cent. of all the petrol sold at the pumps was top quality. The Shell spokesman said he was convinced the reason for the popularity of premium grades was that motorists had found they got their 3d. back in better m.p.g. figures. This means, he said, they get an improved engine performance for the price of the "standard" petrol

Which reminds me that down in Gloucestershire the other day the wideawake Cheltenham Motor Car Club staged another fuel economy rally over a route of 578 miles. Competitors had to average 30 m.p.h. The rally was run in two sections: one for "production" cars, which were judged on the basis of ton-miles per gallon; the other for "specials," which could be made as light as the owner wished, and which were judged on a "straight" m.p.g. basis.

Winner of the first section was Mr. Joseph Lowrey, well-known motoring journalist, whose Jowett Javelin did 103.742 ton-miles per gallon. And in case that doesn't mean much to you, either, let me add that that is equivalent to 65.868 m.p.g.—and I wish *my* car returned that sort of average!

But even Mr. John Baldwin, the Jowett sales manager, would not pretend this to be a normal consumption figure for his Javelins. The drivers in these economy rallies get up to all sorts of (legitimate) tricks, of course. They use extra-light oil in engine, axle and gear-box, they inflate the tyres much harder than usual, they balance the wheels with great care, use high-ratio gears, play about with the carburetter—and switch off the engine whenever there is a chance of free-wheeling downhill

In the other section of the Cheltenham rally, Mr. Derek Buckler returned a consumption figure of 91.023 m.p.g. in a home-made car powered by a 10-h.p. Ford engine. He was a worthy winner, yet he said afterwards he was disappointed. He had hoped to do 100 m.p.g.! Mr. Buckler fitted a light alloy aquaplane head to his engine and installed it in a special tubular frame of remarkable lightness.

That was a fine achievement the British motor industry put up in the merry month of May. One car every fifteen seconds of the working day! It was an all-time production record. In all, 50,587 cars were turned out during the four-week month.

PLAYING ROULETTE WITH VOLKSWAGENS—PART OF THE CEREMONIES MARKING THE PRODUCTION OF THE 500,000TH VOLKSWAGEN IN GERMANY: This part of the celebrations was held at the Wolfsburg factory. All the entrants in the competition were Volkswagen employees, and each one received a four-numbered ticket. The winning numbers were determined by a striped ball shot from a white "croupier Volkswagen" (seen in the left corner of this picture). The ball was returned to the croupier by a girl after each spin. The prizes were Volkswagens. Celebrations were also held in Volkswagen factories in other parts of Germany.

And during the month exports topped the 30,000 mark for the first time in twelve months. Nearly 31,000 cars were sent abroad and more than a quarter went to North America. There 's bound to be a seasonal slump towards the end of the year, for few people buy cars in the U.S. and Canada in the winter. So it was welcome news the industry received from Australia recently.

I refer to the new relaxation of that country's import restrictions, the benefits of which are shared by our motor industry. It is not a big concession, but every little helps. There was a time when we were able to switch our export stream from the U.S. and Canada to Australia and New Zealand when seasonal slumps occurred in the North American markets. To-day that can be done only to a limited extent.

A friend of mine was arguing the other day about the folly of our car designers in giving their products such huge luggage boots at the expense of the car's interior space. "You make use of these mammoth boots only once or twice a year," he said. There 's a lot in what he says, though I do not think the criticism can be applied to a car like the Bentley, whose big new luggage locker has definitely increased the appeal of this fine car.

I have just carried out a road test of the 1953 model, which incorporates this improvement, and once again I should like to pay tribute to the engineers responsible for this superb vehicle.

The 4½-litre, 6-cylinder engine is so quiet that I often thought it had stopped when I pulled up at traffic lights. It gives an exciting rate of acceleration, and this 100-m.p.h. car, thanks to excellent springing and steering, gives you a high cruising speed—even on British roads—that is as safe as it is untiring.

Every time I drive a Bentley or a Rolls-Royce I am impressed all over again by such design refinements as the ride control, the perfect gear-change mechanism (with the lever tucked neatly away at the right-hand side of the driver's seat) and the two-speed, self-parking windscreen wipers.

It is a wonderful car to drive, this standard Bentley. It gives a feeling of great motoring luxury without any sort of ostentation. It 's a car with good breeding written all over it. And you have to pay for it, of course, though there are many who think that at £4,329 15s. 10d. (of which the basic price is only £3,100), the Bentley is a good investment and compares more than favourably with many less expensive cars on a value-for-money basis.

For one thing, a petrol consumption of around 18 miles to the gallon seems quite reasonable to me for a 4½-litre engine with such a performance. The main alterations incorporated in the 1953 model, apart from the bigger boot, are the improved styling at the rear end (consequent on the provision of the enlarged locker, which has an aluminium lid), and the automatic choke and fast-idling mechanism (which do away with two manual controls formerly provided for the twin S.U. carburetters).

The motor trade, I gather, is not unduly worried by the questions that have been put to them by the Monopolies and Restrictive Practices Commission. The industry is not being put "under the microscope" as were the electric-light bulb and match "empires." It is merely one of a large number of branches of industry which have come under the Commission's notice since it was asked to investigate certain trade practices, including collective boycott and exclusive dealing.

I am told it will take both the Society of Motor Manufacturers and the British Motor Trade Association some months to answer all the points raised in a lengthy questionnaire they have undertaken to fill in for the Commission's benefit.

This minor probe is referred to in a recent news-sheet of the Motor Agents Association, which represents more than 16,000 garage proprietors. In the same document I noticed a reference to one of the trade's most controversial topics—the question of whether or not secondhand prices should be controlled.

A.A. PATROLMEN USE "WALKIE-TALKIE SETS" TO CONTROL TRAFFIC AT WIMBLEDON: Two patrolmen are seen in the car park at Wimbledon Tennis Courts, where the radio sets were used to great advantage. By installing a main station in the car park office and with two radio-equipped patrols operating at the approaches, it was possible to control the flow of the cars and to direct them to their parking places.

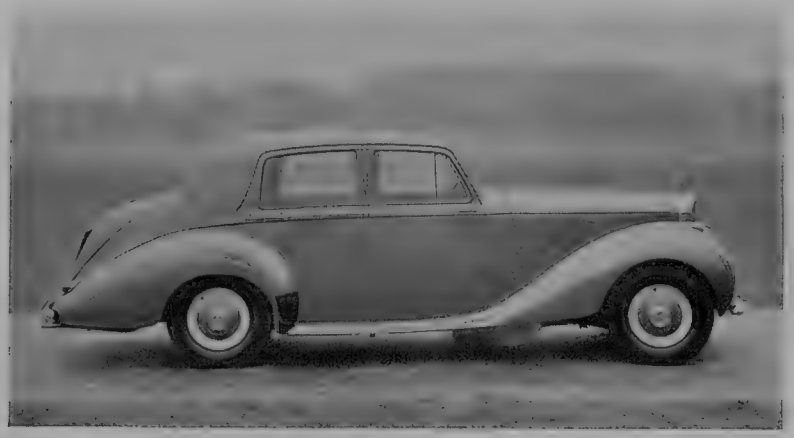
At a recent M.A.A. conference the matter was discussed at some length and it was agreed that the question of reintroducing maximum prices for used cars should be deferred for the time being.

The Association even declined to set up a committee to examine the matter; but it instructed the Executive Committee to review the situation "at the right time." So the little black book which was the car dealer's "bible" before the war—containing, as it did, the official maximum prices for all makes and models—is not likely to return for the time being.

The Order of the Road—an organisation which describes itself as the only organisation devoted solely to the encouragement of safe and courteous driving—informs me that the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret have accepted membership of the Order, and that their cars now carry the Order's insignia: a six-sectioned, crimson-coloured, circular badge. King George VI joined the Order when Duke of York, and the Duke of Edinburgh became a member in 1951.

Here is news of two price changes: The single-carburetter Singer 1500 saloon now costs a total of £893 12s. 6d., following a reduction of £73 in the basic price, which is now £630. Price of the twin-carburetter model, including tax, has dropped from £1,028 to £921.

Basic price of the Austin-Healey "Hundred," has been cut back to £750, to which £313 purchase tax must be added.



THE NEW BENTLEY FOUR-DOOR SPORTS SALOON WITH COACHWORK BY BENTLEY MOTORS LIMITED: This model has a 4½-litre, quiet-running six-cylinder engine, and one of the many features which add to the appeal of the car is the spacious and well-designed luggage-boot.

THE LONDON SCENE

The "Batory" Returns; An Ancient Ceremony in London; An Eaton Square Wedding; The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester Attend a Garden Party; The Roman Catholic Exhibition; Lord Freyberg at Eton

THE POLISH SHIP "BATORY" RETURNS TO LONDON AND THE NEW CAPTAIN HOLDS A PRESS CONFERENCE AT GREENWICH: Captain Tadeusz Meissner, who took command of the *Batory* after her last captain, Jan Cwiklinski, had sought political asylum in this country last month, is seen answering questions on board the ship. Captain Meissner replied to the questions of the American and English journalists with great caution, and to many he said: "That is not my affair." Some of his answers were in contradiction to those given by Captain Cwiklinski when he held a Press Conference after his escape. The new captain denied that there was a political officer on board the ship, and said that the officer who was often described as such was the ship's welfare officer.

AN ANCIENT CEREMONY IN THE STREETS OF LONDON—THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF VINTNERS WALK IN PROCESSION TO ST. JAMES' CHURCH, GARLICKHITHE: The procession is preceded by two wine porters, who are sweeping the roads with birch brooms, continuing a custom that began centuries ago when the streets of London were in a very bad condition. The members of the Company had just held a meeting in Vintners Hall, where they had elected a Master and Wardens for the coming year. The new Master is the Duke of Gloucester.

THE WEDDING OF LORD BURGHLEY'S STEP-DAUGHTER: Miss Rosemary Davina Forbes, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel David Forbes and of Lady Burghley, of Lockinge, Wantage, and Mr. Robin Leigh-Pemberton, eldest son of Captain and Mrs. Douglas Leigh-Pemberton, of Kippen, Sittingbourne, seen with their attendants after the solemnisation of their marriage by the Dean of Battle at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The bride's tulle veil, which in this picture is seen entangled in the headdress of one of the six young bridesmaids, was held in place by a diamond and pearl tiara.

ROYAL VISITORS AT THE GARDEN PARTY GIVEN BY THE COUNCIL OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS: The Duchess of Gloucester accompanied by Sir Ian Jacob, Vice-Chairman of the Council, and followed by the Duke with Lady Jacob, is seen walking in the garden of St. James's Square during the garden party attended by many Commonwealth and overseas visitors. Among those present were the Sultan of Perak, several Ambassadors and the High Commissioners for Australia, New Zealand, Canada and India.

ON THE PLAYING FIELDS OF ETON: Lieut.-Colonel Lord Freyberg, V.C., is seen inspecting the Eton College Combined Cadet Force during a visit to the College. On Lord Freyberg's right is Major R. M. A. Bourme, of the Cadet Corps at Eton. Lord Freyberg expressed satisfaction at the turn-out of the cadets.

On left—

A ROMAN CATHOLIC CARDINAL GOES IN PROCESSION THROUGH THE GRAND HALL, OLYMPIA: Preceded by the cross, Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster, goes to the temporary altar erected in the Grand Hall to take part in the opening ceremony of the Roman Catholic Vocations Exhibition. Planned to illustrate the training and future work of parochial clergy and of religious orders of men and women in this country, the exhibition was organised by the Roman Catholic province of Westminster in collaboration with the Religious Vocations Committee.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THIS WEEK, A STRONG ORIENTAL FLAVOUR

Frank Gibney's "Five Gentlemen of Japan," Yoko Matsuoka's "Daughter of the Pacific," and Wong Su-Ling's "Daughter of Confucius"

THERE is a strong Oriental influence in this week's selection of books, beginning with Mr. Frank Gibney's FIVE GENTLEMEN OF JAPAN (Gollancz. 16s.), which he has called *The Portrait of a Nation's Character*, and which includes studies of men he takes to be widely representative of Japan as it is to-day. These men are the Emperor, whom he sees as kind, gentle and shy, a scientist by inclination; Yamazaki, a newspaperman and an intellectual; Kisei, gang foreman at a steel works and union organiser; Shimizu, once Vice-Admiral in the Japanese Navy, an engineer and a kindly man who has spent his life in the manufacture of guns; and Sanada, a farmer who is still working hard in the paddy fields at the age of sixty-two.

Mr. Gibney knows these people, their country and their language, and he gives their historical background and the nature of their society which, as he explains, is not based on the absolute values of Western civilisation, on abstract honesty or purity, but on *shinyo*, which means trust, confidence and reliability, and is the basis of an essentially social morality. To understand this is to begin to understand the Japanese character and the strain of living in such a society, which, in Mr. Gibney's view, accounts for the outbreaks of brutality and of easy and frequent drunkenness. A fascinating book, and as naturally controversial as anything written about our late enemy seems to be.

DAUGHTER OF THE PACIFIC (Heinemann. 15s.) is the autobiography of a young Japanese woman, Yoko Matsuoka, who has lived in Korea in the early days of the Japanese occupation, studied in a very advanced school run by one of her aunts, travelled in the United States and attended universities there. Her family is a Samurai one, of Liberal tendencies, her mother a teacher, her father an editor. What she has to tell us of Japan to-day is of the first interest not only because she writes as an exponent of Liberalism, but because she has inherited from a gifted family an ease of style and a temperance of opinion which would be enviable in any writer.

DAUGHTER OF CONFUCIUS (Gollancz. 16s.) is another autobiography, this time by a young Chinese woman, Wong Su-Ling, and has been written in conjunction with an American scholar friend, Mr. Earl Herbert Cressy, who has been responsible for the editing, and for providing political and sociological background. It is triumphantly Wong Su-Ling's book, however, and I think readers will find, as I did, that her descriptions of life in a Chinese household of the small, powerful, landlord-scholar-official class are absorbingly interesting. The ramifications of the family included thirty-one branches and altogether 3,000 members had been descended from one common ancestor; even her immediate family numbered twenty-seven, with twenty-four servants to look after them. Wong Su-Ling was brought up according to strict Confucian principles by her radiantly lovely mother and her autocratic grandmother, and she writes of the changes that have come to that age-old way of life, both politically and religiously. Above all, she writes of people, places and events with vivid recollection and with a constant affection.

Mr. Robert Payne's new novel, THE EMPEROR (Heinemann. 15s.), is a splendid sequel to his earlier story of Shah Jehan and the India of the time of the Moguls. The Devonshire boy who ran away to sea, and eventually became the trusted friend of the Emperor is now a middle-aged man, living in his palace near Agra, and, as the story opens, enjoying the tranquillity and riches that twenty years of his Emperor's rule have brought him. Peace is not the keynote of this novel, nevertheless, but the splendours of the Court, the savagery of its tortures, the magnificence of Oriental warfare and the hazards of tiger hunting. There is tremendous zest in this novel and some of the descriptions have a quite poetic beauty.

From India and the seventeenth century to our own times and Wales, with Mr. Gwyn Jones' collection of seven short stories, SHEPHERD'S HEY (Staples. 10s. 6d.). Here is a writer of considerable power who is suited by this difficult form and has learned to discipline and shape his writing admirably within the limits and exigencies of a short story. Again, he is a writer with a poetic quality, and the people of whom he tells, with their strong feelings and even obsessions, play out their tragedies and comedies against a background of farm and field, sea and sky, that are described with a kind of magic. Incidentally, his brief tale, *Copy*, is an unexpectedly successful foray into the realms of sardonic humour.

MUCH ADO ABOUT CONWAY CASTLE: The Ministry of Works have been negotiating for seven years with the Corporation of Conway, Caernarvon, over the form of control to be used over the ancient castle when it is repaired. If no agreement is soon reached, a Preservation Order will be made enabling the Ministry to take the Monument into Guardianship as recommended by the Ancient Monuments Board of Wales in 1950. The progressive decay of Conway Castle must at all costs be halted. The Ministry of Works has offered to start the repairs if offered a suitable lease.

FOR ESMÉ—WITH LOVE AND SQUALOR (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) is an inexplicable title until one has read the particular short story in the collection of nine by Mr. J. D. Salinger, who is also the author of that inimitable story of youth, *The Catcher in the Rye*, for which I have such a regard that I am in danger of choosing and discarding acquaintances on the grounds of their reactions to it. The present stories, except for the title one, which has the authentic touch of genius, only confirm Mr. Salinger's reputation without taking it further. But there is time for that with the next novel, on which I sincerely hope he is working, and in the meantime, I shall re-read these.

Mr. Alexander Fullerton, who went to sea as a midshipman in January 1942, and served in submarines in the Mediterranean, the North Sea and the Far East, writes of the adventures of one such craft in his novel, SURFACE! (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.). H.M. submarine *Seahound* is, we are assured, a fictional ship and her exploits the product of the author's imagination, but I am sure he would admit that his own war experiences in H.M.S./M. *Sea-dog* gave him at least some good background material. The result, in any case, is brisk, breezy, exciting and, not at all surprisingly, authentic.

NO MOURNING FOR THE MATADOR (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is brisk and exciting too, and much of the Barcelona setting appears to be authentic, but there the resemblance ends, for this is a new episode in the care-free life of amateur detection led by Jane and Dagobert Brown, an engaging couple whom readers may have met before in France and England and America, for they are a much-travelled pair. The object of their detection in this case is the murderer of an English bull-fighter, who is killed by a bull while he (the bull-fighter) is under the influence of hashish. In spite of a murder or two, this book is great fun and, as before, Mr. Ames shows himself to be a dab hand at character drawing.

Back to England and comparative calm with Mrs. Diana Tutton's novel, GUARD YOUR DAUGHTERS (Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.), which has no more overtones of Kennedy or Mitford than should be expected in a story about a family of articulate daughters and eccentric parents. It is gay and real, and I enjoyed it thoroughly.

Mr. Paul Capon writes of an artist who "might be likened to an English Gauguin," and who did his best work under the happy influence of a good-hearted girl. IN ALL SIMPLICITY (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), though, is better than it sounds, since this is an author who can never be obvious and can never, in the most improbable of settings, make his characters anything but human beings.

INCIDENT IN ISMAILIA (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is a perfectly adequate novel from the pen of a writer whose real bent, in case nobody has told her this before, is for reporting. Miss Diana Buttenshaw, as the daughter of a Regular Army officer with a certain taste for travel himself, has written about Gibraltar, Spain, Austria, Italy and Germany, in as many novels. She now writes about Egypt and, as before, with the most pictorial exactness. Miss Buttenshaw may be, for all one knows, as imaginative as Perrault. All I would like to point out is, that with her extraordinarily acute kind of observation, she hardly needs an imagination.

If you are a writer of tough detective fiction, using the setting of California and the gambits of private sleuths, then you can do no better than follow the excellent tradition of Mr. Dashiell Hammett, who wrote a few little items like *The Thin Man* and *The Maltese Falcon*, and this Mr. John Ross Macdonald has very soundly, and consciously or unconsciously, decided to do. As a result his book, THE WAY SOME PEOPLE DIE (Cassell. 10s. 6d.), is first-rate reading of its kind, and the exoticism that English eyes may find in its gangster-like, Pacific-breaker atmosphere is only an added attraction. So is the description of the fair-to-middling breakfast eaten by the private eye after an excessively strenuous twenty-four hours.

MR. SMITH FROM DRESDEN (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is Miss Glynn Williamson's highly-recommended story of murder and rescue in post-war Berlin, as seen for most of its telling through the eyes of the insouciant young daughter of an English brigadier.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF BEAUTIFUL SPIES

Kurt Singer's Gripping New Volume

The tradition of the beautiful, dangerous spy is a familiar one, but to appreciate just how beautiful and how dangerous some of these people have been it is necessary to read Kurt Singer's anthology SPIES AND TRAITORS (W. H. Allen. 12s. 6d.), an enthralling survey of a subject which the author has made his special study. Perhaps the most remarkable of them all was the fascinating Countess Krystyna Skarbeck, alias Jacqueline Armand, alias Christine Granville, who was done to death by a mad and love-lorn ship's steward. The steward was hanged for his crime in September 1952. Christine, who was born in the wild borderland between Poland and Russia, and perished in a London hotel, gave herself heart and soul to the Allied cause during the war years, but few knew of her true greatness until she died, and the police officers who found the George Medal, the Croix de Guerre and other decorations among her belongings were astounded, as were the general public later, at the tales of heroism that lay behind those awards. No less remarkable is Kurt Singer's story of the beautiful Louise de Bettignies, who in the First World War created such a network of espionage behind the German lines in the Low Countries. Louise had the same sort of courage as Christine, an impudent courage that surmounted all barriers. She even claimed acquaintance with Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria to impress a guard whom she hoped to dupe, just as Christine, with a price upon her head, had the effrontery to walk into a Nazi prison, interview the commandant for a period of twelve hours, persuade him that the Allies would soon be at his door, and retire from the fray in company with the three Allied officers she came to release, the Governor having reached the reluctant conclusion that this was the wiser course if he was to save his neck when the war ended. Kurt Singer's anthology goes back to biblical times. He tells us of Rahab, the harlot, the betrayer of Jericho, of the spies of Scipio and Hannibal, of Papal spies in Sweden, of the Elizabethan Secret Service, of Napoleon's spy Shulmeister, and of a host of others. He has produced, indeed, a most memorable addition to the literature of espionage.

The Fon of Bikom, whose territory lies within the British Cameroons, still practises polygamy in a big way. No one has succeeded in ascertaining precisely how many wives he has, but Rebecca Reyher, a writer with a questing mind, has counted some of the roof-tops upon his hillside, has met the Fon himself, and, despite official displeasure at her advent, has investigated the way of life of those who live within the Fon's compound, for the most part thwarted, restless and unhappy folk. The result of her labours is much more than a study of a simple, sordid old man. THE FON AND HIS HUNDRED WIVES (Gollancz. 16s.) is a social document, describing in detail a highly unsatisfactory tribal survival, and the unhappiness that goes with it, unhappiness that is proven by the fact that at least fifty of the Fon's wives have escaped. Mrs. Reyher believes that this wholesale polygamy is not a matter that will take centuries to change. "One hard push would end it altogether," she says.

About a year ago Geoffrey Dutton and his wife decided to return to their home in South Australia from London by a route more exciting than that provided by the shipping companies. They drove their car across Europe, through Turkey, Iraq, Persia, Afghanistan, India and Ceylon, then after the necessary sea voyage from Colombo to Fremantle they completed the last 1,500 miles by road. A LONG WAY SOUTH (Chapman and Hall. 18s.) is an exhilarating record of that journey, and some outstanding photographs adorn the text.

Here is another adventure along rather different lines. In THE NEW INVASION (Macmillan. 15s.), Winefride Nolan tells the story of two people of Irish descent who were reared in Britain, who until thirty were typical townspeople, and who sought to settle down in Ireland on a neglected farm in Wicklow. Many readers will feel that this is one of the most attractive books on country life that has come their way for a long time. It certainly goes far to confirm Winefride Nolan's reputation as a writer about the countryside.

A permanent record of the Coronation is provided in a swiftly and excellently produced new volume entitled THE HISTORY AND TREASURES OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY (Pitkin. 17s. 6d.). The author is Lawrence E. Tanner, Keeper of the Muniments, and the book contains 183 illustrations, including 80 new and exclusive photographs of the Abbey by Harold White. Twenty pages deal with the actualities of the Coronation of Elizabeth II.

The latest of the Blue Guides to be brought out anew is THE SHORT GUIDE TO LONDON (Ernest Benn. 15s.). This is a most handy reference book, and contains four maps and twenty-eight plans

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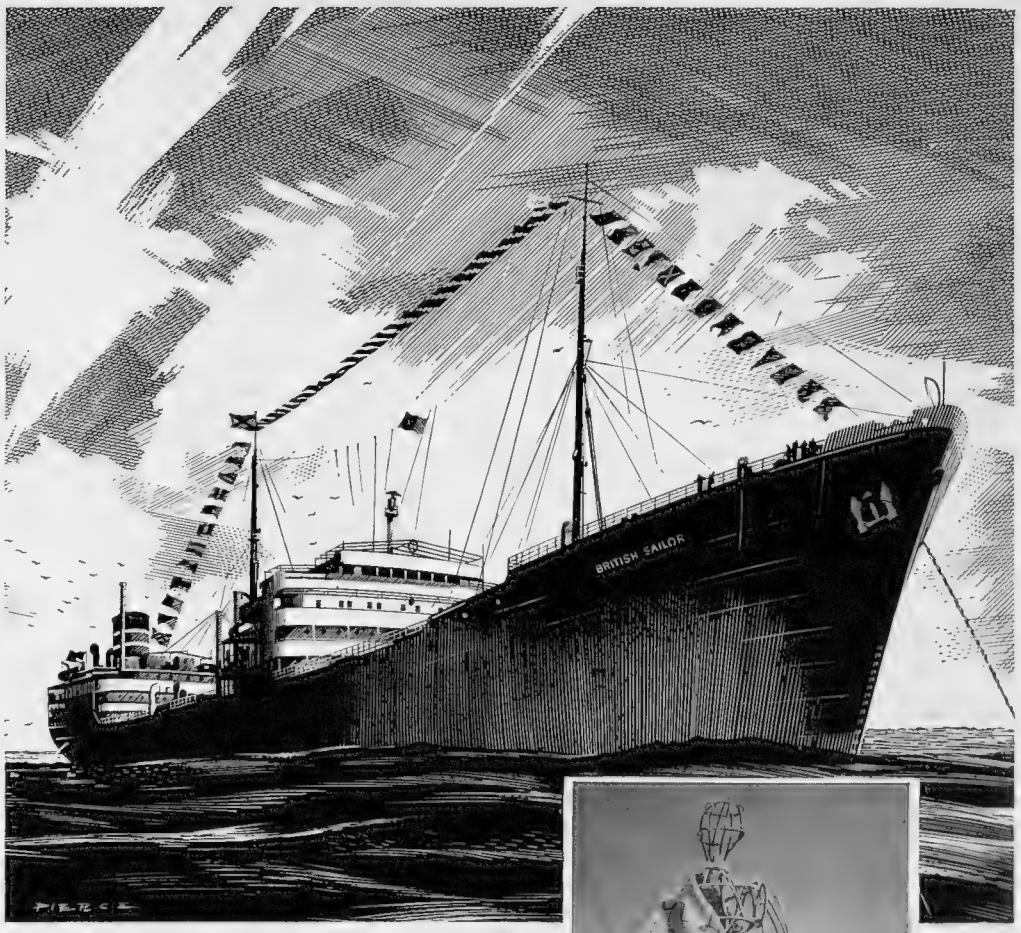

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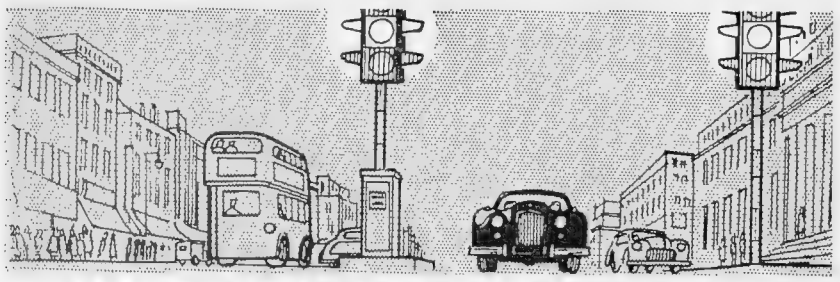

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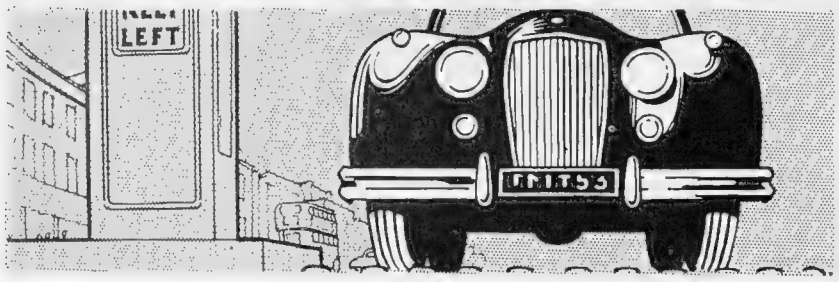

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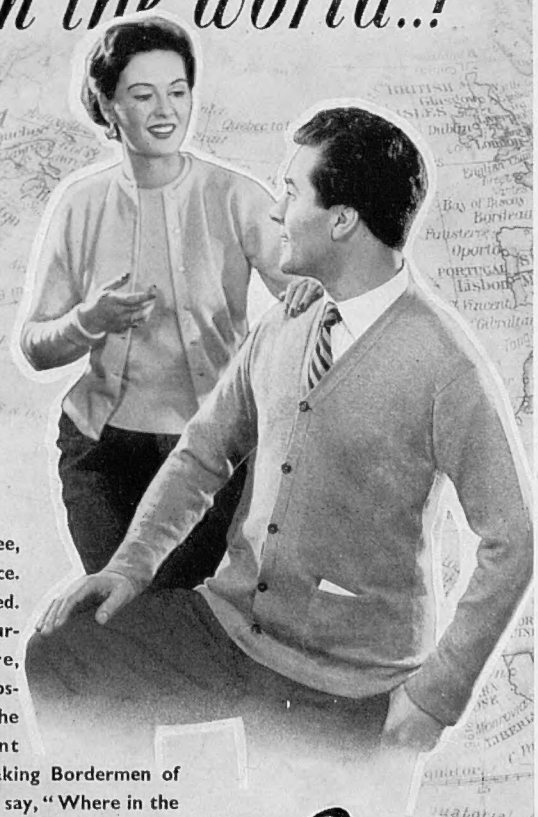

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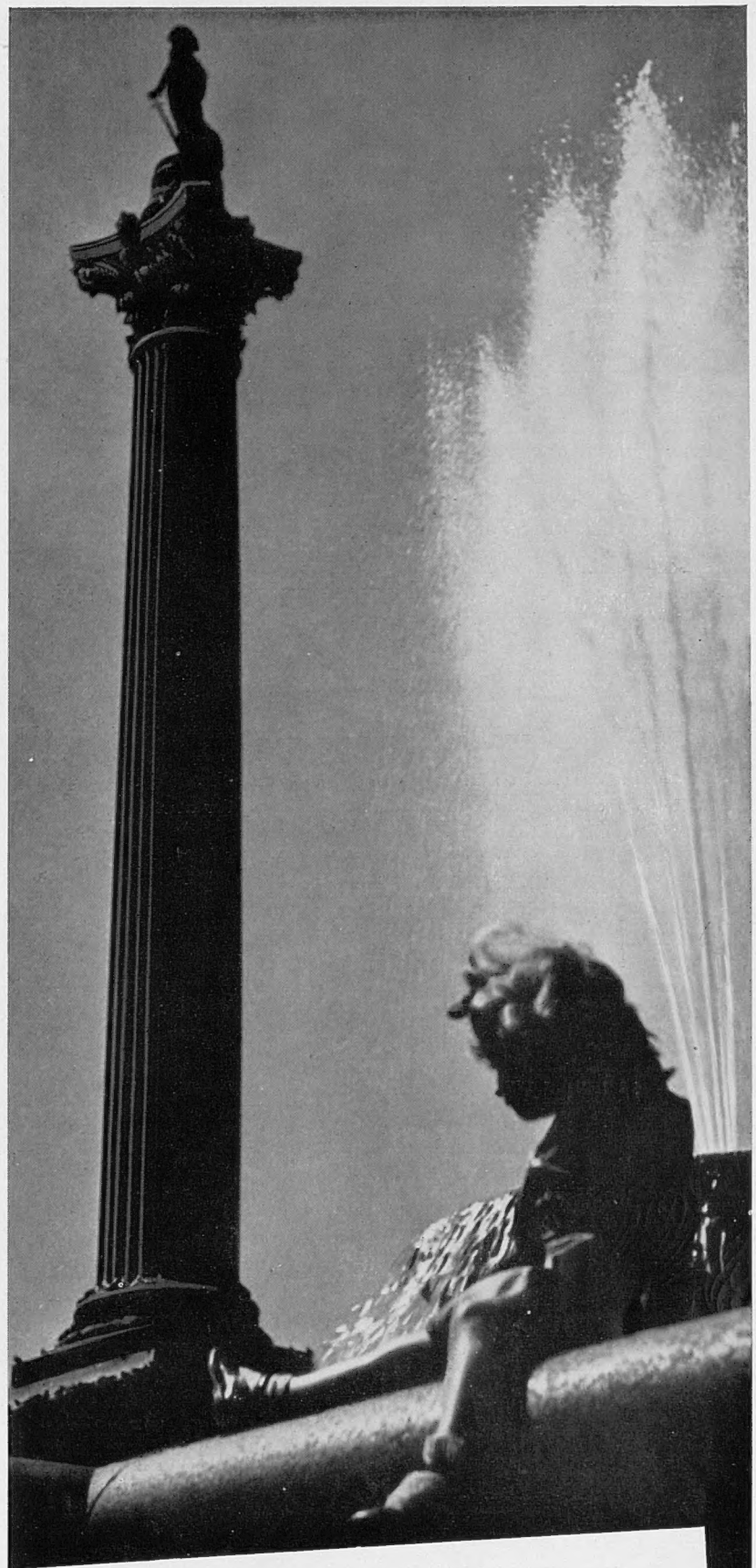

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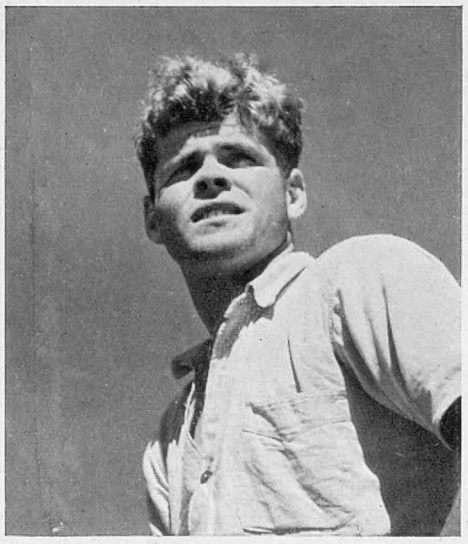

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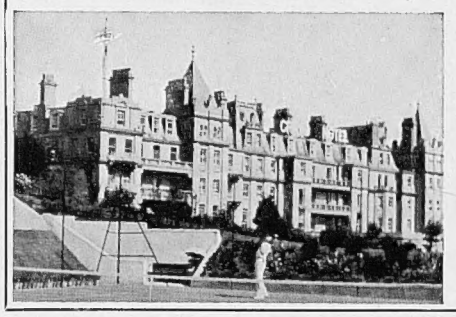

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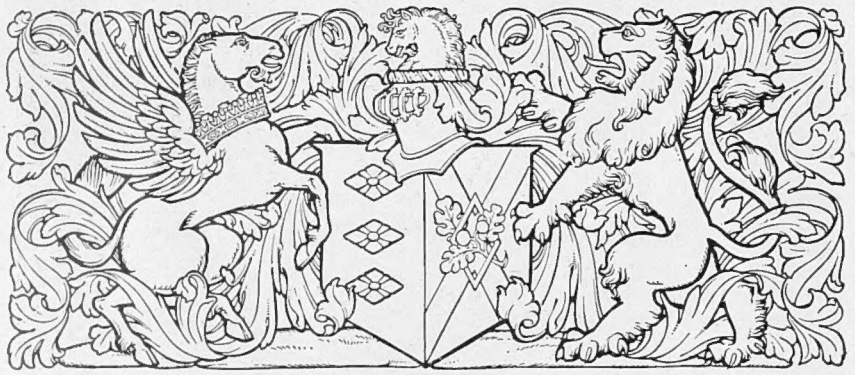

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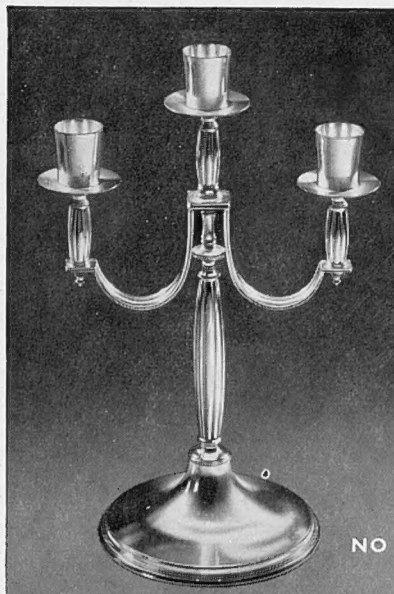

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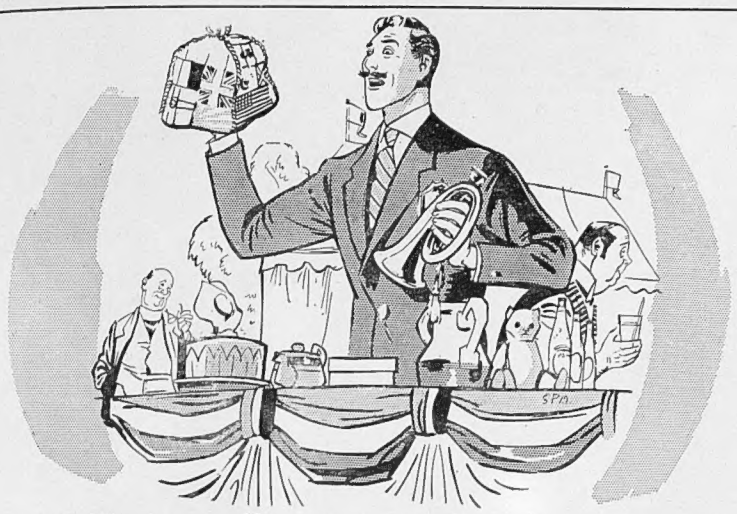

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